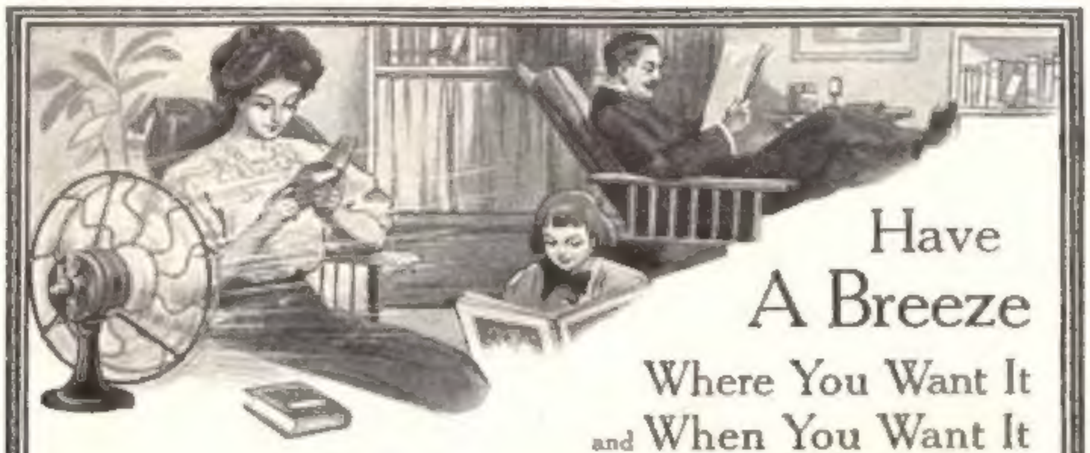
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated We[illegible] Magazine
Fo[illegible]ed A° D° 172[illegible]j. Franklin

JULY 4,'08 5cts THE COPY

"When, in the Course of Human Events——"

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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"Green & Gold" Label PLUMBING FIXTURES

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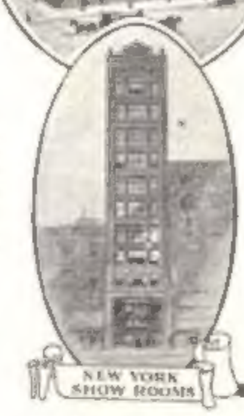

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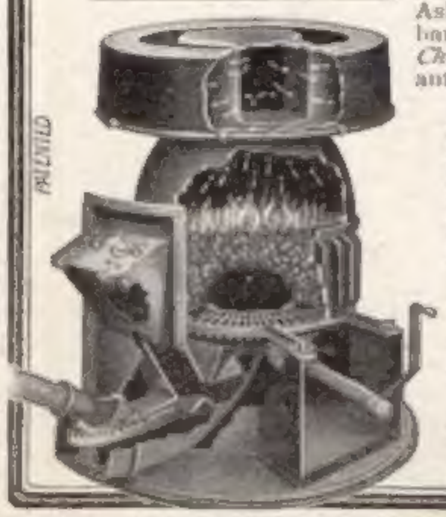
A Judicial FURNACE Verdict

SAVING SATISFACTION are two words in the English language that have a sweetly soothing sound. They are delightfully melodious to the one who pays the bills. To thousands who are kept busy during the cold months satisfying Topfeed appetites for high-grade coal, the suggestion of a SAVING Furnace sounds like an echo from Joe Miller's Joke Book. Whole regiments of *other* people have profited by the combination. They *know* that the

Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace

Saves One-Half to Two-Thirds of Coal Bills

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



Saving Satisfaction is a *sure* Underfeed return. A hot-air furnace yielding *clean* even heat—fed from below and *with all the fire on top.* Smoke and gases are consumed and clinkers practically unknown. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar in the same manner as in ordinary furnaces. *Cheapest* slack gives as much heat as *highest grade* anthracite. The *difference* in cost is YOURS.

Judge Harvey Tappan, of the Thirty-first Judicial District, Port Huron, Mich., writes: "I have installed and used three hard-coal furnaces. The Underfeed is the GREATEST heater I have ever examined. It certainly produces far more heat for the cost than any furnace I have ever seen. I use a soft coking coal—slack, pea, and small nut mixed, at $3. I heat my house thoroughly and save more than one-half of my coal bill. I have no trouble from soot in pipe or chimney."

We'd be glad to send you a lot of letters like this—fac simile testimonials embodied in our Illustrated Underfeed Booklet.

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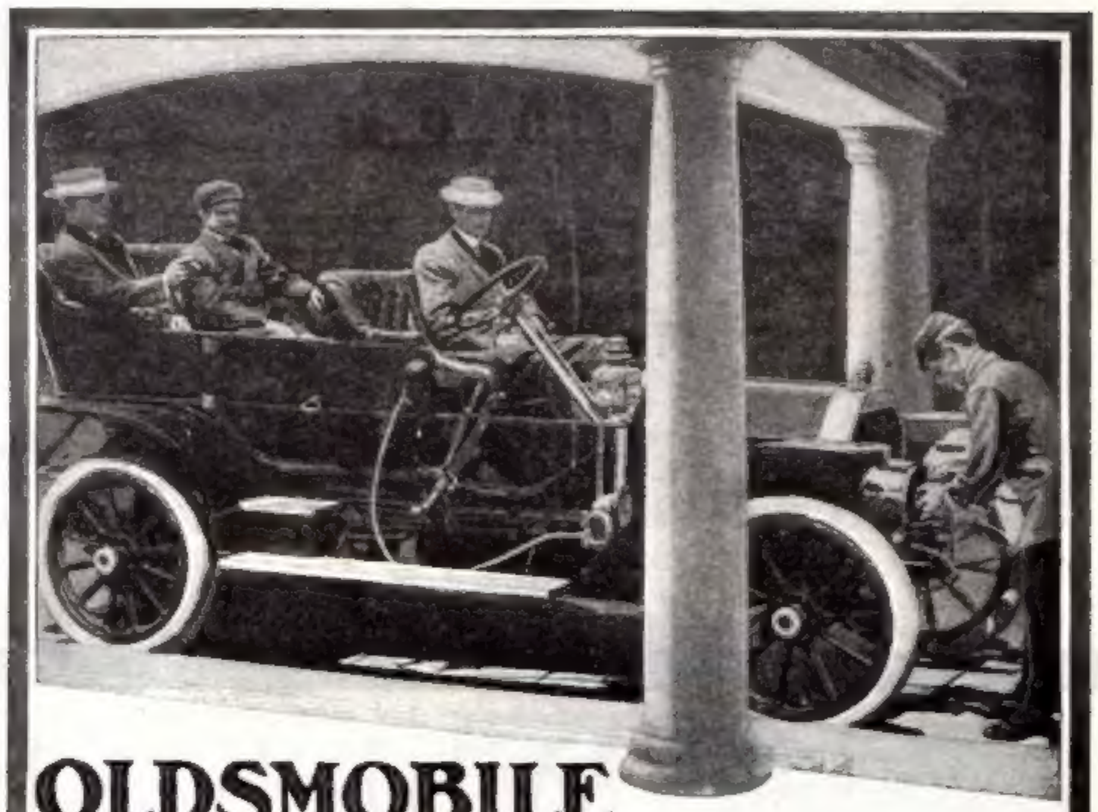

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Model M, Touring Car, fully equipped, - - - $2,750
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Exclusive Territory
Profits Large

Sells on sight. Sweeps lawns, walks, works like a carpet-sweeper. Gathers up cut grass, leaves, papers, sticks, all litter. A boy does the work of three men with rakes. People stop to watch it. Show twelve, sell ten. Write today for territory.

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All makes—good as new—biggest bargains ever offered. Machines shipped on approval for trial. We rent all makes at $3 per month and allow rent on price. 500 Smith Premiers, Extra Special. Remingtons $20 to $60. Olivers $35 to $50. Others $15 to $90. Send for Catalog and Bargain List.

Rockwell-Barnes Co., 1817 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago

$200.00 In Six Months From 20 Hens

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a $500.00 Poultry business with 20 hens on a corner in the city garden 30 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. **It would not be possible to get such returns** by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new **PHILO SYSTEM** is adopted.

The Philo System Is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects is just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard of results that are hard to believe without seeing; however, the facts remain the same and we can prove to you every word of the above statement.

The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner. There is nothing complicated about the work, and any man or woman that can handle a saw and hammer can do the work.

Two Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without any loss and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here, three cents per pound above the highest market price.

Our Six Months Old Pullets Are Laying At the Rate of 24 Eggs Each Per Month,

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

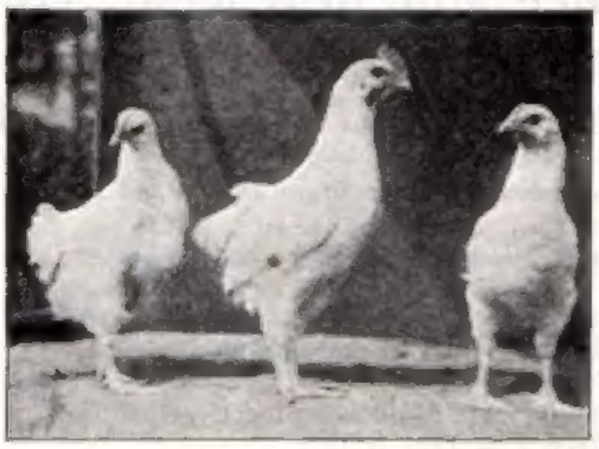
Our new book, the **Philo System of Progressive Poultry Keeping,** gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries with simple, easy to understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the Ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.



Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, overheating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can be easily made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Your system of poultry keeping should appeal to all poultrymen. The advantages of your system are many, and the quality of the large flock of poultry you have raised on your city lot is the best evidence of its success.
Geo. L. Harding, Binghamton, N. Y.

Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1907.
It was my privilege to spend a week in Elmira during August, during which time I saw the practical working of the Philo System of Poultry Keeping, and was surprised at the results accomplished in a small corner of a city yard. "Seeing is believing" they say, and if I had not seen, it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money. (Rev.) W. W. Cox.

Windsor, Vt., March 8, 1908.
I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate the best investment for the money I ever made. Robert L. Patrick.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.
I received the Philo System Book mailed to my home address, Beechtree, Pa. I am highly pleased with it, and am anxious to spread the good news as far as I can. I am a preacher of the gospel engaged by the Baptist Association to do Evangelistic work. I am on the road all the time, have about 14 days in each town. I am very much interested in the hen and will do all I can to help the other fellow to know how, and to spread the good tidings received in the Philo System. (Rev.) F. B. Williams.

Special Introductory Offer By special arrangement we are able to give for only $1.00 the book, with the right to use all plans.

One year's subscription to Poultry Review—A monthly paper for utility breeders. One year's subscription to the American Poultry Advocate.

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AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 310 Hogan Block, Syracuse, N. Y.

Which Shall It Be?

Home-Baked Beans or Van Camp's?

Will you have your beans mushy and broken, or shall they be nutty and whole? Will you have them half-baked, or digestible? Shall they be delicious, or flat? A daily dish, or an occasional? Will you bother for hours, or shall we cook for you?

The difference between your beans and ours isn't due solely to superior skill.

Perhaps it is partly that. We have spent 47 years in learning how to perfect this dish. This is our specialty—our one claim to supremacy. We ought to know this one dish better than you. But the difference lies largely in your lack of facilities. Let us explain.

We soak our beans as you do. We boil them in two waters as you do. But there the similarity ends.

You bake in dry heat; we bake in live steam.

Some of your beans are crisped. Nearly all of the skins are broken. Ours are all baked alike—baked until they are mealy. Yet they are nutty because they are whole.

That is one great reason why people like Van Camp's beans better than yours. They like the nutty flavor. They want their beans whole. To you that's impossible, for you lack the steam.

The center of your baking dish, by actual test, rarely gets heated above 100 degrees.

That is far from sufficient to break down the fibre of beans. To separate the particles so the digestive juices can get to them. So part of the bean structure ferments and forms gas.

Our beans are baked for 90 minutes at 245 degrees. The result is, our beans are digestible.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, to get our delicious blend. You will see what a difference that makes when you try Van Camp's.

In all these ways we excel you, largely because you lack the facilities. And you should be glad. For why court the bother of cooking beans when we supply them ready to serve?

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

Serve Van Camp's once and hear what your people say. For beans are both choice and cheap. Like meat in their food value; not like it in cost. It pays to let your folks know how good beans can be. Then see how largely they take the place of meat.

There's a very wide difference, too, between other brands of beans and Van Camp's.

We pay $2.50 per bushel to get the choicest Michigan beans. They are picked out by hand to give us only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. We could buy beans for one-seventh what we pay—or as low as 30c per bushel.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours.

But cheap sauce is not rich. It is made from tomatoes picked green and ripened in shipment. Or of cuttings from a canning factory.

Ours is made solely from whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. They are picked when the juice fairly sparkles. That is why Van Camp's have a savor and zest that belong to no other brand. It doesn't pay to skimp the quality, and spoil the taste, of a food as cheap as beans.

Beans are Nature's choicest food. They are 23% nitrogenous; 84% nutriment. They supply in abundance just what the body needs.

They are appetizing and hearty; all people like them. They are better and cheaper than meat.

Perhaps you serve them once a week now, because they are hard to prepare. They should be a daily dish.

They are delicious for breakfast—in croquettes or with ham. An ideal luncheon. An excellent salad, when served with lettuce, for dinner.

And Van Camp's are always ready. No work and no waiting. Every can in the pantry means a meal all cooked. Heat the can in hot water, then open. You have a steaming hot meal in ten minutes.

So it pays to serve the best beans—the beans that your people will like. The more they will eat the more you will save, in time, and money, and work.

Prices: 10, 15, and 20c per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861 Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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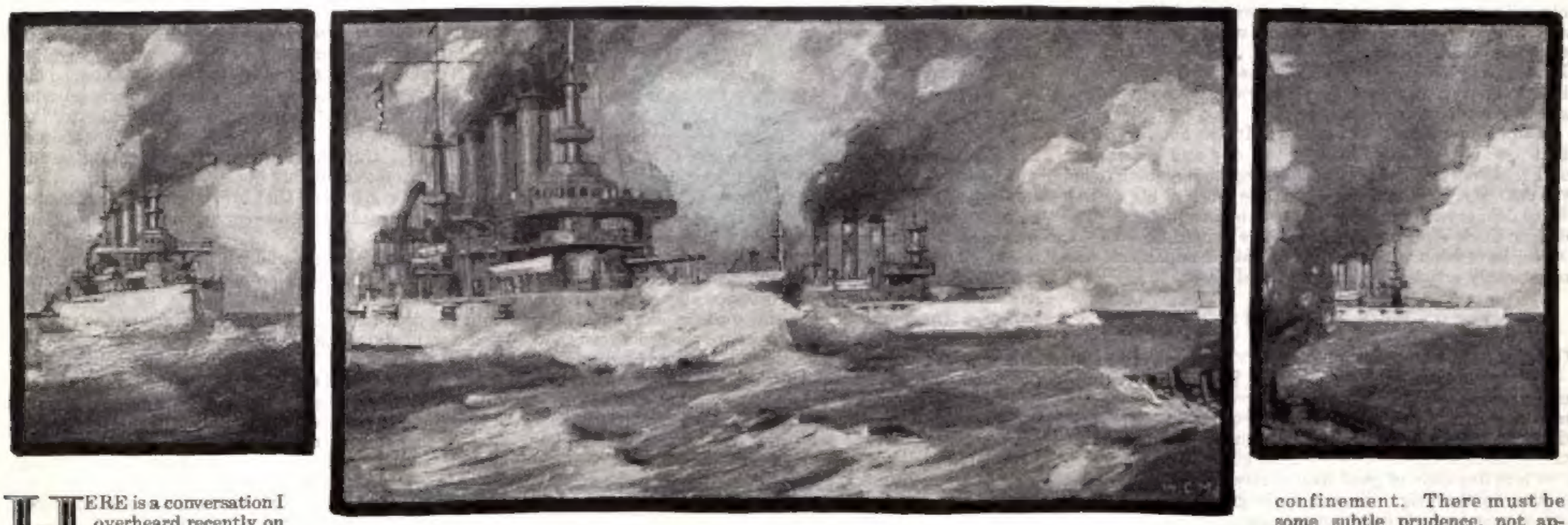
Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1908 Number 1

WHY MEN DESERT FROM OUR NAVY—By Richard Barry



HERE is a conversation I overheard recently on one of our battleships:

Junior Officer to Ordinary Seaman: "You refuse to scrub that deck, eh?"

Seaman: "I refuse to scrub that deck. I didn't enlist to do no chores around the house; that's a hired girl's job."

Officer: "Don't talk back. You're on report. You'll see the Captain at the mast to-morrow at quarters."

The next morning, as usual, the Captain was on the quarterdeck getting his daily reports. On his port side a file of marines stood at present arms. Beside him was his Executive Officer. Presently the culprit arrived, shuffling in bare feet along the fresh, bright deck which had been holystoned four hours previously by his more amenable mates.

Said the Captain: "You are reported for insubordination. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I didn't enlist to get up before daylight, an' go on my han's an' knees, an' scrub ——"

"You are here to follow the routine of the ship and obey the orders of your superior officer. If I release you will you obey his orders?"

"Not if he ——"

"No ifs. Will you obey?"

"No. I ——"

"The brig, five days' solitary confinement, bread and water. Next."

In the brig he found about a dozen of his mates—loafing. This life pleased him, when he first saw it. The one objection was that most of them had the run of a casemate, their only restraint being a marine guard posted outside a flimsy rope. You don't have to put very strong walls or bars on a jail which is located in a battleship, itself a mild form of imprisonment. But this seaman, sentenced to solitary confinement, found himself cut off from his milder comrades and locked in a small, barren, utterly clean cell, from which he could look forth and see the lazy life about him.

For the first day or so this was not bad business. There might have been a little more ventilation. As the ship happened then to be in the tropics, and as the brig is not far from the boilers, you or I, perhaps, would have found the climate, if not the society, somewhat monotonous. But that was not what got on this boy's nerves, or, rather, on his stomach.

Everybody Fed Well but the Prisoner

AN ARMY marches on its belly, as a great soldier once observed, and those wise men who have, from time to time, ordained the methods of life which shall prevail in the United States Navy, apparently do not think that military human nature is much different, whether it be on land or on sea. The primal law of their unwritten organization is this: Feed Jack well, often and liberally. Consequently, we have the best-fed Navy in the world, wherein lies fruit for discussion among military critics. I have heard foreign military students condemn us for this liberality with the men; too much good food spoils the enlisted man, they say. But that is not our way; our bluejackets get the best there is and plenty of it.

So, as that boy lingered there in the brig he could not help letting the juices of his mouth wander, if the fumes of his gastronomic imagination did not, toward the mess-table which was set three times a day within fifty feet of his slow, cabined confinement. There must be some subtle prudence, not apparent on the surface, in setting the men's mess-table within smelling distance of the bread-and-water refugees. He only woke at mealtime, and then he could dimly see his mates heartily eating:

For breakfast: Baked ham hash, tomato catsup, hot cakes and syrup, bread, butter and coffee.
For dinner: Boiled corned beef and cabbage, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.
For supper: Fried pork chops, brown gravy, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.

The next day his nostrils sniffed:

For breakfast: Baked pork and beans, tomato catsup, cocoa, bread and butter.
For dinner: Chicken fricassee, mashed potatoes, green peas, bread, butter and coffee.
For supper: Salmon salad, corn fritters and syrup, bread, butter and tea.

The fourth day was even harder, for they had:

For breakfast: Scrambled eggs, creamed potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.
For dinner: Pea soup, boiled ham, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.
For supper: Hamburg steak, onion gravy, boiled potatoes, hot biscuit, butter and tea.

And then, the fifth day seemed a really well-developed purgatory, for it was Saturday, and the pungency of those victuals smote him more than "hip and thigh"; they smote him upward from that locality, and inward, and he lay there, scarcely tasting his old bread and tepid water, while he thought of the mess-table where they were serving:

For breakfast: Fresh beef stew, bread, butter and coffee.
For dinner: Vegetable soup, pot roast of beef, gravy, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and coffee.
For supper: Fresh beef croquettes, gravy, boiled potatoes, chocolate pudding, bread, butter and tea.

The following morning, before he sat down to cornmeal mush and milk, fried eggs and bacon, bread, butter and coffee, he had very conscientiously scrubbed a large portion of the fo'castle.

But the mood did not last. Good food became so easily a part of his curriculum that he forgot its blessings. One does not always remember how vital the sunshine is, if he lives in California. And the Navy life got on the boy's nerves. He was swung up in a hammock under a steel rafter at night, and by day, unless he sneaked out of sight behind a turret, there was no place to sleep. He had a ditty-box for all his worldly belongings, and a ditty-box is about the size of a bootblack's kit, less than a cubic foot of space. In a long passageway, among hundreds of others, and numbered 271, hung his bag, in which he could stuff all the extra clothing it would hold, but the entire capacity of that bag would arouse the scorn of a respectable golfer's carry-all, it being designed only to hold a suit of mustering clothes (his Sunday best) and an extra suit of ship clothes. With that outfit—hammock, ditty-box and bag, all of which could be packed twice in a steamer trunk—a benign government was using him to carve out a new and fanciful destiny upon the path of world-power, a destiny with which he was unfamiliar, and with which he asked no further acquaintance.

And the duties were galling. For a free-born American citizen, who had had to pass an examination in the Federal and in the State Constitution before he entered the

High School, who had spent a year in that High School before he had seen a placard calling for "inexperienced young men to enlist in and receive the emoluments, pensions, opportunities and disbursements of the United States Navy," and who had answered that brilliant call with the buoyance of patriotism and the zest of adventure—for that youngster to find himself up against the proposition he faced, I repeat, it was galling.

Remember that he had enlisted with a sort of vague idea that ships ran themselves, especially now that steam did it, and as he knew he would have nothing to do with that part of it, "fireman" being a different job from that of "seaman," he had the notion, back on that hard, obnoxious school bench, that, if he "went to sea," he would just sail and sail and sail, it really being steam, steam, steam, with him a fairly patient and a certainly undisturbed hanger-on for pay-day and the arrival of those other countries so dear to the imagination. He doubtless pictured the varied sights of the tropics, the weird and wasteful colors of the East, the populous human undergrowths in the vast marine ports of the world, all those vista-strewn delights pictured in sober, but none the less romantic (in fact, *more* romantic, because official) colors on the bulletin-boards of the recruiting officers. He saw himself reveling in the glory of the protection of the Stars and Stripes, shaking a jig dance under Moro moons, drinking malt beverages, with a German name, in Kamchatka, trouncing a yellow man in Yokohama or Bangkok, whiling away some summer afternoon with a girl of the Mediterranean!

And he would fight. Certainly! It was not very likely that a war would come, not in this day and generation; still, that was the best part of the thing he was going to do, the chance it gave him to be in at the finish of big events. Some danger? Perhaps! But, 'twas all in a lifetime. The danger made it, if anything, a better proposition than it would have been with no guns as daily companions, and no monthly articles of war for mental food.

For it's Work All Day on Shipboard

THUS it was he came into the service, carelessly, with certain vague but very plausible ideas of its requirements, ideas which he probably shared with a very great majority of the people in the United States. The first thing he ran up against was that rising-before-breakfast-and-scrubbing-the-deck-like-a-hired-girl proposition, which cost him five days of good food contemplation in the brig. As soon as he got out of that he had time to contemplate, and somewhat digest the

"DAILY ROUTINE"

A. M.	
5.00	All hands turn out.
5.30	All hands turn to, scrub decks, sides, boats.
7.00	Consult uniform signal, change clothes.
7.30	Breakfast.
8.00	Colors. Attention all.
8.15	Turn to, clean odd spaces, begin bright-work.
9.15	Knock off bright-work, go to quarters, setting-up drill.
9.30	Drill call, preparation.
10.00	Drills of all regular companies, gun crews, boat crews, fire crews, collision crews, magazine and torpedo crews, etc.
11.30	Retreat from drills. Pipe down clothes, if dry. (Scrubbed clothes having been hung the night before, and "pipe down" being a phrase meaning "finish.")
12.00	Dinner.
P. M.	
1.00	Turn to. Pipe down aired bedding. Pipe down clothes, if dry. For the next two and a half hours complete any drills the divisional officers may designate for the day.
4.30	Knock off work. Pipe down clothes.
5.00	Evening quarters, setting-up drill.
6.00	Supper.
6.30	Turn to. Scrub clothes on fo'castle. Scrubbing clothes in the evening is heartily encouraged, so as to leave the forenoon as free as possible for ship work.
7.30	Hammocks.
8.00	Evening exercises, searchlights, signals, etc.
9.00	Tattoo.
9.30	Taps.

It dawned upon this country boy, with the flush of youth still on him, that here was a far harder life than he had ever led. The injustice of that beguiling colored recruiting card pricked him to retaliation. Moreover, there was so much of this ceaseless work for which, in his supreme wisdom (he had led his class in ancient history), he could see no reason. Why did they scrub clothes every night and change them every other day? Why did they scrub hammocks and bags once every two weeks? Why did they spend those precious two hours every morning, that might have been so much better expended in bed, holystoning the cinders from the decks that must be dirtied immediately again, almost before the officers could get to them for their after-breakfast smoke? And why the bright-work? That was the cruel thing—the bright-work! Every nut, every bolt, every rod, every upstanding piece of metal on the ship's surface had to be rubbed down every day with polish and rags. Why not do it once a week, or just before they got into port? I have heard an old bos'n say that bright-work has caused more desertions for Uncle Sam than any other one thing, just as it was often asserted by the French that the white paint of the Russian Navy did more to cause dissatisfaction than the tyranny of the Czar.

Yet the boy was getting along. After his service in the brig he held to comfortably for a month, till it came his turn to clean spit-kits. That was too much. He bolted square in his tracks, as a colt does who has been broken to harness and knows the reins, and is growing to feel the power of the tugs, and fondles the rest of the thills against his sides, and knows that back there lurks ever-ready the lash of the whip, but who, suddenly, for the first time, has a piece of paper flirted across his face. The spit-kits finished him. He refused—pointblank refused. The next morning they took him to the mast; that afternoon to the brig again.

As I am relating, with some imaginative detail, the record of a recent case of desertion I had the opportunity of observing, permit me to finish with this boy before discussing the question at large. He did not last much longer, and the case had its pathos; he was a likely youngster, with wide, forth-seeing eyes, adew with longing, clean, handsome, with a bit of a spoil in the under droop of his lip, and he had a temper; one who could be led a long ways, but who gave a correct imitation of a flare-back when you tried to drive him.

The boy served his second sentence in the brig, and two days after he got out the ship dropped anchor in a foreign harbor. The boy watched the curling shore-line with relief and sullen joy, and then he heard the order read that only special first-class men would be allowed liberty. He did not know what special first-class men could be, but he knew well enough about "liberty"; that had been the talk of the ship since he first joined. He felt, vaguely, that his derelictions would keep him out of that mysterious "special first class," but he was not so sure even of that, for it had not seemed to matter much with his mates that he had been twice in the brig, and, aside from his two refusals to follow routine, he had been of a studious, intelligent and energetic disposition. A c. p. o. (chief petty officer) had told him one day he would "do, in time." So he went to the yeoman's office where the men were asking for liberty, to see if he could go ashore the following day and reap some of those wine-red delights whose pictures had led him forth from the slumbering trees of the mid-United States.

"Name?" asked the yeoman, got it, and reached a thin finger down a card-index case, drew forth the record, and looked up, even his experienced, executive face forced to smile.

"Can you go ashore? Well, I guess not. Why, you won't be a special first class for six months, not even if they abolish the brig."

So there he was, worse than ever. The United States was conspiring against him. First, they waked him up to scrub decks before breakfast that he had scrubbed till he ached only the day before, until he felt like the old man who committed suicide because he got "plumb tired of the everlastin' buttonin' and unbuttonin'." Then they put him at the spit-kits, which only negroes cleaned at home. They added the humiliation and the discomfort of the brig. And now they were going to deprive him of the only thing he enlisted for—a seeing of the world. It was certainly a hard case that Uncle Sam had against him that day, rolled up by one young and not hopeless patriot.

Over the Side with His Keepsakes

BACK among the men he began talking about desertion, and he found it looked like a very easy thing, certainly not a reprehensible thing. He found that a lot of good men had done it before, and he heard more than one grumbler declare that the life at the marine prisons was better than that on any battleship. That night he went over the side, with the stuff from his ditty-box carefully twisted in a bandanna handkerchief that hung about his neck, and from then on the warships of that great power whose modern influence is spreading into every continent knew him no more.

But the boy was inexperienced in desertion, as in most everything else. He took no pains to conceal his tracks. He was as frank and open about it as he had been about the deck-scrubbing, in the very face of the captain. Desertion he did not look upon as a crime. It was in line with his running away from school, simply carrying the idea to a more logical conclusion.

He got a job driving a water-cart for a peso a day, and had his first view of the foreign lands behind a jaded mule. That was where one of his mates, who happened to be detailed for shore police duty, saw him the eleventh day, and from that job as water-pedler he was taken back to the battleship to answer the charge of desertion.

Now, desertion is a very difficult crime to prove, almost as difficult as certain other crimes which are committed normally in secret, but which, for proof, require witnesses. In desertion, the prosecution has to prove *the intent*, and it is not enough to show that the man left the ship and was gone over the ten days prescribed by law as constituting the crime. They have to show, in addition to that, some corroborative evidence of an indubitable nature. In fact, the law very largely favors the enlisted man, being made in a retroactive spirit against the heinously cruel desertion laws of two and three generations ago.

The boy, however, was convicted with great ease. He stood before the court-martial with the same insolence he used with his captain, and tried to tell them he intended to desert. The prisoner not being allowed to incriminate himself, they brought in two of his mates, who swore he had told them solemnly of his intention to desert. Then they produced his ditty-box, from which were gone all his valuables and all his keepsakes. Where the sweetheart's picture goes there goes the man also, reasoned the prosecution; on top of the other evidence, the lack of defense, and the known character of the desperate criminal at the bar, this choice bit of legal reasoning got him sentenced. They sent him to the marine prison in the Boston Navy Yard for three years.

Life at the marine prison is not so bad. Each prisoner is allowed a cot, with blankets and a clean sheet, which is better than a hammock with no sheet. His food is just as good as he gets on shipboard. He has no work to do, and a comparative freedom. All that he may not do is to wander past the iron fence on top of which a marine guard is constantly stationed with guns loaded with ball. He has a reading and writing room, the prison library, and his friends may come to see him one afternoon a month. Better than that,

(Concluded on Page 29)

The Day of Dreams

(July the Fourth, 1908)

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

This is the day for visions, the day of the fearless few,
When the hope once weak first dared to speak, when the mighty dream came true!
"A child in the darkness wailing!" the kings laughed loud and long;
But the child was a man in an hour, and the cry was a battle-song.

And the dreamers woke to sing it wherever a dreamer led,
Till the kings had ceased their laughter, and the dreamers' hands were red;
Till there grew a thing of wonder where once was a thing for scorn,
And, sired by the high Ideal, the marvelous Real was born.

Nor yet is the great dream ended; forever and ever new
There is work for the present dreamers, there are deeds for the arm to do;
And the Fathers' Sons are ready, and busy with watch and ward,
Till the last Rose-Dawn shall flower and the Master sheathe the sword.

From the green Virginia valleys to the Klondike's silent snows,
In the pulse-beats of the people the vision grows and grows;
And the sweat-stained toilers, seeing, know well they are not in vain,
From the golden-shored Pacific to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine.

In the shriek of the locomotive, in the mine with the death-dews wet,
In the million mills, on the fruitful hills, we are toiling and dreaming yet;
No muscle strains without it, no labor is low or mean:
We are waiting the last night-whistle, we are keeping the Vision clean.

And now, as of old, we labor, the many that once were few,
At the task of the deep-eyed dreamers, that the mighty dream come true,
When Real and Ideal are welded forever and ever, and then,
In the last Rose-Dawn's full flower, the Master shall pay His men.

BOBBY'S ILLUMINATION

John Burnit's Son Fools with Electric Lighting Politics and Electrocutes a Lot of Genuine Money

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HOW did all these people find out that I have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to invest?" demanded Bobby Burnit, after he had politely but firmly declined to go into a patent-medicine scheme, to invest in a mine, to buy a racing stable, and to finance a new and improved washing machine, all in the space of one vexing hour.

There followed dense silence, in the midst of which old Johnson looked up from the book in which he was entering a long, long list of items on the wrong side of the profit and loss account, and jerked his lean thumb angrily in the direction of Applerod.

"Ask him," he said.

Chubby-faced old Applerod, excessively meek of spirit to-day, suffered a moment of embarrassment under the accusing eyes of young Burnit.

"The newspapers, sir," he admitted, twisting uncomfortably in his swivel chair. "The reporters were here yesterday afternoon with the idea that the failure of our Applerod Addition real estate scheme—*my* real estate scheme," he corrected in response to a snort and a glare from Johnson—"had left you penniless. Of course I wasn't going to let them go away with that impression, so I told them that you had another two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to invest, with probably more to follow if necessary."

"And of course," groaned Bobby, "it is all in print, with ingenious trimmings."

From a drawer in his desk Johnson quietly drew copies of the morning papers, each one folded carefully to an article in which, under wide variations of embarrassing headlines, the facts of Bobby's latest frittering of his father's good money were facetiously, even gleefully, set forth and embellished. Bobby was about to turn into his own room to absorb his humiliation in secret when Applerod hesitantly stopped him.

"Another thing, sir," he said. "Mr. Frank L. Sharpe called up early this morning to know when he would find you in, and I took the liberty of telling him that you would very likely be here at ten o'clock."

Bobby frowned slightly at the mention of that name. He knew of Sharpe vaguely as a man whose private life had been so scandalous that society had ceased to shudder at his name—it simply refused to hear it; a man who had even secured advancement by obligingly divorcing his first wife so that the notorious Sam Stone could marry her.

"What did he want?" he asked none too graciously.

"I don't know, sir," said Applerod; "but he telephoned me again just as you were getting rid of this last caller. I told him that you were here and he said that he would be right over."

Bobby made no reply to this, but went thoughtfully into his room and closed the door after him. On his desk lay a letter which he now read for the third time that morning. It had been left for his son, along with others, by the late John Burnit, and it was addressed, upon a plain gray envelope:

TO MY SON ROBERT
UPON HIS THIRD ATTEMPT TO MAKE MONEY

The man who has never failed has been either too lucky or too timid to have much tried and tested worth. The man who always fails is too useless to talk about. As you've failed twice you're neither too lucky nor too timid. It remains to be seen if you are too useless.

Remember that money isn't the only audible sound in this world; but it makes more noise than anything else. A vast number of people call money vulgar; but, if you'll notice, this opinion is chiefly held by those who haven't been able to secure any of it.

I wouldn't have you sacrifice any decent principle to get it, because that is not necessary; but go get money of your own, and see what a difference there is between dollars. A dollar you've made is as different from a dollar that's given to you as your children are from other people's.

The door opened upon Bobby's half-smiling study of this missive, and Applerod, his voice fairly oily with obsequiousness, announced Mr. Frank L. Sharpe! Why, here was a man whose name was in the papers every morning, noon and night! Mr. Sharpe had taken a trip to New York on behalf of the Gas Company; Mr. Sharpe had returned from his trip to New York on behalf of the Gas Company; Mr. Sharpe had entertained at the Hotel Spender; Mr. Sharpe had made a speech; Mr. Sharpe had been interviewed; Mr. Sharpe had been indisposed for half a day!

Quite prepossessing of appearance was Mr. Sharpe; a tall, rather slight gentleman, whose features no one ever analyzed because the eyes of the observer stopped, fascinated, at his beard. That wonderful adornment was gray and curly, pretty to an extreme, and kept most fastidiously trimmed, and the gray mustache lifted when he smiled to display a most engaging row of white, even teeth. Centred upon this magnificent combination the gaze never roved to the animal nose, to the lobeless ears, to the watery blue eyes half obscured by the lower lids. He was immaculately, though a shade too youthfully, dressed in a gray frock suit, with pearl-gray spats upon his shoes, and he was most charmed to see young Mr. Burnit.

"You have a very neat little suite of offices here, Mr. Burnit," he commented, seating himself gracefully and depositing his gray hat, his gray cane and his gray gloves carefully to one side of him upon Bobby's desk.

"I'm afraid they are a little too nice for practical purposes," Bobby confessed. "I have found that business isn't a parlor game."

"Precisely what I came to see you about," said Mr. Sharpe. "I understand you have been a trifle unfortunate, but that is because you did not go into the regular channels. An established and paying corporation is the only worthwhile proposition, and if you have not yet settled upon an investment I would like to suggest that you become interested in our local Brightlight Electric Company."

"I thought there was no gas or electric stock for sale," said Bobby slowly, clinging still to a vague impression that he had gained five or six years before.

"Not to the public," replied Mr. Sharpe, smiling, "and there would not be even privately except for the necessity of a reorganization. The Brightlight needs more capital for expansion, and I have too many other interests, even aside from the Consumers' Electric Light and Power and the United Gas and Fuel Companies, to spare the money myself—and the Brightlight is too good to let the general public in on." He smiled again, quite meaningly this time. "This is quite confidential, of course," he added.

Bobby bowed his acknowledgment of the confidence which had been reposed in him, and generously began at once to reconstruct his impressions of the impossible Mr. Sharpe. You couldn't believe all you heard, you know.

"The Brightlight," went on Mr. Sharpe, "is at present capitalized for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and is a good ten-per-cent.-dividend-paying stock at the present moment; but its business is not growing, and I propose to take in sufficient capital to raise the Brightlight to a half-million-dollar corporation, clear off its indebtedness and project certain extensions. I understand that you have the necessary amount, and here is the proposition I offer you. Brightlight stock is now quoted at a hundred and seventy-two. We will double its present capitalization, and you may take up the extra two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of its stock at par, or about three-fifths of its actual value. That is a bargain to be snapped at, Mr. Burnit."

Did Bobby Burnit snap at this proposition? He did not. Bobby had learned caution through two bitter failures, and of caution is born wisdom.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in a five-hundred-thousand-dollar corporation won't do for me," he declared with a firmness that was pleasant to his own ears. "I don't care to go into any proposition in which I have not the controlling interest."

Mr. Sharpe opened his mouth very quickly to say something, but immediately closed it again without having said it, and Bobby, seeing that hesitation, hastened to explain.

"You see, Mr. Sharpe," he went on, steeling himself for a bone-hard business talk, "I have had my eye teeth cut by a very painful operation. The first thing I did when my father died was to consolidate the John Burnit Store with Silas Trimmer's; and I had the majority of stock. I let Trimmer, however, take in sixty thousand dollars of additional capital, and this stock was sold where he could control it. Result, the entire business now goes under the name of Trimmer & Co. I have no more to do with it than you have, except for the holding of my stock, which is very careful to pay no dividends. As you see, I have had my education in stock control."

Mr. Sharpe smiled most engagingly.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Burnit," said he; "but to show you that I am more willing to trust you than you are to trust me, if you care to go into this thing I'll agree to sell you from one to ten shares of my individual stock—at its present market value, of course."

"That's very good of you," agreed Bobby, suddenly ashamed of his ungenerous stand in the face of this sportsmanlike attitude. "But really I've had cause for timidity. After I lost control of the business which had been the nucleus of my father's fortune I spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in reclaiming for suburban lots a swamp which could not be reclaimed on account of underground springs. Silas Trimmer got the advantage of me there again through my inexperience, and, naturally, my money is a rank coward."

"Caution is not cowardice," said Mr. Sharpe in a tone which conveyed a world of friendly approbation. "This matter must be taken up very soon, however, and I cannot allow you more than a week to investigate. I'd be pleased to receive your legal and business advisers at any time you may nominate, and to give them any advantage you may wish."

"I'll investigate it at least, and I thank you for giving me the opportunity," said Bobby, really very contrite that he had been doing Sharpe such a mental injustice all these years. "By the way," he suddenly added, "has Silas Trimmer anything whatever to do with this proposition?"

Mr. Sharpe smiled.

"Mr. Trimmer does not own one share of stock in the Brightlight Electric Company, nor will he own it," he answered.

"In that case," said Bobby, "I am satisfied to consider your offer without fear of heart-disease."

II

THE departing caller met an incoming one in the outer office, and Agnes Elliston, sweeping into Bobby's room, breathlessly gasped:

"That was Frank Sharpe!"

"The same," admitted Bobby, smiling down at her and taking both her hands.

"I never saw him so closely," she declared. "Really, he's quite distinguished-looking."

"As long as he avoids a close shave," supplemented Bobby. "But what brings you into the—the busy marts of trade?"

"My trusteeship," she answered him loftily, producing some documents from her handbag. "And I'm in a hurry. Sign them papers."

"Them there papers," he kindly corrected, and seating himself at his desk he examined the minor transfers perfunctorily and signed them.

They looked at each other gravely as he passed them back, and then both laughed. John Burnit's grim trick of making this particular and much desired girl his son's trustee had at first been the cause of much embarrassment to both, but latterly it had become rather a joke.

There Stood Mrs. Sharpe and William Garland in a Tableau "that Would Have Given Plato the Pip," as Biff Bates Might Have Expressed It

"I'm afraid I'm a failure as a trustee," she told him. "I ought to have had more power. I ought to have been authorized to keep you out of bad company. How came Mr. Sharpe to call on you, for instance?"

"To make my fortune," he gravely assured her. "Mr. Sharpe wants me to go into the Brightlight Electric Company with him."

"I can imagine your courteous adroitness in putting the man back in his place," she laughed. "How preposterous! Why, he's utterly impossible!"

"Ye-e-es?" questioned Bobby. "But you know, Agnes, this isn't a pink-tea affair. It's business, which is at the other end of the world."

"You're not honestly defending him, Bobby?" she protested incredulously. "Why, I do believe you are considering the man seriously."

"Why not?" he persisted, arguing against his own convictions as much as against hers. "We want me to make some money, don't we? To make a success that will let me marry you?"

"I'm not to say so, remember," she reminded him.

"Father put no lock on my tongue, though," he reminded her in turn; "so I'll just lay down the dictum as soon as I succeed in any one business deal I'm going to marry you, and I don't care whether the commodity I handle is electricity or potatoes."

"But Frank L. Sharpe!" she exclaimed, with shocked remembrance of certain whispered stories she had heard.

"Really, I don't see where he enters into it," persisted Bobby. "The Brightlight Electric Company is a stock corporation, in which Mr. Sharpe happens to own some shares; that is all."

She shook her head.

"I can't seem to like it," she told him, and arose to go.

The door opened, and Johnson, with much solemnity, though in his eyes there lurked a twinkle, brought in a card which, with much stiff ceremony, he handed to Bobby.

"Professor Henry H. Bates," read Bobby in some perplexity, then suddenly his brow cleared and he laughed. "Come right in, Biff," he called.

In response to this invitation there entered a short, chunky, broad-shouldered young man in a checked green suit and red tie, who, finding himself suddenly confronted by a dazzlingly beautiful young lady, froze instantly into speechless awkwardness.

"This is my friend and partner, Mr. Biff—Mr. Henry H. Bates—Miss Elliston," introduced Bobby, smiling.

Agnes held out her hand, which suddenly seemed to dwindle in size as it was clasped by the huge palm of Mr. Bates.

"I have heard so much of you from Mr. Burnit, and always nice things," she said, smiling at him so frankly that Mr. Bates, though his face flushed red, instantly thawed.

"Bobby's right there with the boost," commented Mr. Bates, and then, not being quite satisfied with that form of speech, he huskily corrected it to: "Burnit's always handing out those pleasant words." This form of expression seeming also to be somewhat lacking in polish, he relapsed into more redness, and wiped the strangely moist palms of his hands upon the sides of his coat.

"He doesn't talk about any but pleasant people," Agnes assured him.

After she had gone Mr. Bates looked dazedly at the door through which she had passed out.

"Carries a full line of that conversation," he commented, "but I like to fall for it. And say! I'll bet she's game all right; the kind that would stick to a guy when he was broke in jail and had the smallpox. That's your steady, ain't it, Bobby?"

Coming from any one else this query might have seemed a trifle blunt, but Bobby understood precisely how Mr. Bates meant it, and was gratified.

"She's the real girl," he admitted.

"I'm for her," stoutly asserted Mr. Bates, as he extracted a huge wad of crumpled bills from his trousers pocket. "Any old time she wants anybody strangled or stabbed and you ain't handy, she can call on your friend Biff. Here's your split of last month's pickings at the gym. One hundred and eighty-one large, juicy simoleons; count 'em, one hundred and eighty-one!" And he threw the money on the desk.

"Everything paid?" asked Bobby.

"Here's the receipts," and from inside his vest Mr. Bates produced them. "Ground rent, light, heat, payroll, advertising, my own little old weekly envelope and everything; and I got one-eighty-one in my other kick for my share."

"Very well," said Bobby; "you just put this money of mine into a fund to buy further equipments when we need them."

"Nit and nix; also no!" declared Mr. Bates emphatically. "This time the bet goes as she lays. You take a real money drag-down from now on."

"Mr. Johnson," called Bobby through the open door, "please take charge of this one hundred and eighty-one dollars, and open a separate account for my investment in the Bates Athletic Hall. It might be, Biff," he continued, turning to Mr. Bates, "that yours would turn out to be the only safe business venture I ever made."

"It ain't no millionaire stunt, but it sure does pay a steady divvy," Mr. Bates assured him. "I see a man outside scraping the real-estate sign off the door. Is he going to paint a new one?"

"I don't know," said Bobby, frowning. "I shall, of course, get into something very shortly, but I've not settled on anything as yet. The best thing that has turned

"You Didn't Seem to be Able to Divorce Business and Social Affairs Last Night," She Reminded Him Rather Sharply

up so far is an interest in the Brightlight Electric Company offered me by Frank L. Sharpe."

"What!" shrieked Biff in a high falsetto, and slapped himself smartly on the wrist. "Has he been here? I thought it seemed kind of close. Give me a cigarette till I fumigate."

"What's the matter with the Brightlight Electric Company?" demanded Bobby.

"Nothing. It's a cinch so far as I know. But Sharpe! Why, say, Bobby, all the words I'd want to use to tell you about him have been left out of the dictionary so they could send it through the mails."

Bobby frowned. The certain method to have him make allowances for a man was to attack that man. When he arrived at the Idlers' Club at noon, however, he was given another opportunity for Christian charity. Nick Allstyne and Payne Winthrop and Stanley Rogers were discussing something with great indignation when he joined them, and Nick drew him over to the bulletin board, where was displayed the application of Frank L. Sharpe, proposed by Clarence Smythe, Silas Trimmer's son-in-law, and seconded by another undesirable who had twice been posted for non-payment of dues.

"There is only one thing about this that commends itself to me, and that is the immaculate and colossal nerve of the proceeding," declared Nick indignantly. "The next thing you know somebody will propose Sam Stone."

At this they all laughed. The Idlers' Club was the one institution that stood in no awe of the notorious "boss" of the city and of the State; a man who had never held an office, but who, until the past two years, had controlled all offices; whose methods were openly dishonest; who held underground control of every public utility and a score of private enterprises. The idea of Stone as an applicant for membership in the Idlers' Club was a good joke, but the actual application of Sharpe was too serious for jesting. Nevertheless, all this turmoil over the mere name of the man worked a strange reaction in Bobby Burnit.

"After all, business is business," he declared to himself, "and I don't see where Sharpe figures in this Brightlight Electric deal, especially since I am to have control."

Accordingly he directed his attorney and Johnson to make a thorough investigation of that corporation.

III

THE report of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Chalmers upon the Brightlight Electric Company was a complicated affair, but, upon the whole, highly favorable. It was an old establishment, the first electric company that had been formed in the city, and it held an ancient franchise for the exclusive supply of twelve of the richest downtown blocks, the franchise, made by a generous board of city fathers, still having twenty years to run. The concern's equipment was old and much of it needed renewal, but its financial affairs were in good shape, except for a mortgage of a hundred thousand dollars held by one J. W. Williams.

"About this mortgage," Mr. Chalmers advised Mr. Burnit, "its time limit expires within two months, and I have no doubt that is why Sharpe wants to put additional capital into the concern. Moreover, Williams is notoriously reputed a lieutenant of Sam Stone's, and it is quite probable that Stone is the real holder of the mortgage."

"I don't see where it makes much difference, so long as the mortgage has to be paid, whether it is paid to Stone or to somebody else," said Bobby reflectively.

"I don't see any difference myself," agreed Chalmers, "except that I am suspicious of that whole crowd, since Sharpe is only a figurehead for Stone. I find that Sharpe is credited with holding two hundred thousand dollars' worth of the present stock. The majority of the Consumers Company and a good share of the United are also in his name. Just how all these facts have a bearing upon each other I cannot at present state, but in view of the twenty years' franchise, and of the fact that you will hold undisputed control, I do not see but that you have a splendid investment here. The contract for the city lighting of those twelve blocks is ironclad, and the franchise for exclusive private lighting and power is exclusive so long as "reasonably satisfactory service" is maintained. As this has been undisputed for thirty years I don't think you need have much fear upon that score," and Chalmers smiled.

In the afternoon of that same day Sharpe called up.

"What dinner engagement have you for to-night?" he inquired.

"None," replied Bobby, after a moment of hesitation.

"Then I want you to dine with me at the Spender. Can you make it?"

"I guess so," replied Bobby reluctantly, after another hesitant pause. "What time, say?"

"About seven. Just inquire at the desk. I'll have a dining-room reserved."

Bobby was very thoughtful as he arrayed himself for dinner, and he was still more thoughtful when, a boy ushering him into the cozy little private dining-room, he found the over-dazzling young Mrs. Sharpe with her husband. She greeted the handsome young Mr. Burnit most effusively, clasping his hand warmly and rolling up her large eyes at him while Mr. Sharpe looked on with smiling approval. Bobby experienced that strange conflict which most men have known, a feeling of revulsion at war with the undoubted lure of the women. She was one of those who deliberately make appeal through their femininity alone.

"Such a pleasure to meet you," she said in the most silvery of voices. "I have heard so much of Mr. Burnit and his polo skill."

"It's the best trick I do," confessed Bobby, laughing.

"That's because Mr. Burnit hasn't found his proper forte as yet," interposed Sharpe. "He was really cut out for the illuminating business." And he led the way to the table, upon which Bobby had already noted that five places were laid.

"A couple of our friends might drop in," said the host in explanation; "they usually do."

"If it's Sam and Billy we're not going to wait for them," said Mrs. Sharpe with a languishing glance at Bobby. "They're always ages and ages late, if they come at all. Frank, where are those cocktails? I'm running down."

She took the drink with an avidity Bobby was not used to seeing among his own women friends, and almost immediately it heightened her vivacity. There could be no question that she was a fascinating woman. Again Bobby had that strange sense of revulsion, and again he was conscious that, in spite of her trace of a tendency to indecorum, there was a subtle appeal in her; one, however, that he shrank from analyzing. Her talk was mostly of the places she had been, with almost pathetic little mention now and then of unattainable people. Evidently she craved social position, in spite of the fact that she was forever shut out.

While they were upon the fish the door opened and two men came in. With a momentary frown Bobby recognized both; one of them the great Sam Stone, and the other William Garland, a rich young cigar manufacturer, quite prominent in public affairs. The latter he had met; the former he inspected quite curiously as he acknowledged the introduction.

Stone gave one the idea that he was extremely heavy; not that he was so grossly stout, although he was large, but that he seemed to convey an impression of tremendous weight. His features and his expression were heavy, his eyes were heavy-lidded, and he was taciturnity itself. He gave Bobby a quick scrutiny from head to foot, and in that instant had weighed him, measured him, catalogued and indexed him for future reference forever. Stone's only spoken word had been a hoarse acknowledgment of his introduction, and as soon as the entrée came on he attacked it with a voracious appetite, which, however, did not prevent him from weighing and absorbing in silence

every word that was spoken in his hearing. Bobby found himself wondering how this unattractive man could have secured his tremendous following. He had yet to appreciate the simple secret. Stone "never broke a promise and never went back on a friend," qualities which would go far toward establishing any man in the esteem of mankind.

It was not until the appearance of the salad that any allusion was made to business, and then Garland, upon an impatient signal from Stone, turned to Bobby with the suavity of which he was thorough master.

"Mr. Sharpe tells me that you consider taking a dip into the public utilities line," he suggested.

Instantly three of them bent an attention upon Bobby so strained that it might have been palpable even to him, had not Stone suddenly lighted a match to attract their attention, and glared at them.

"I have already decided," said Bobby frankly, seeing no reason for fencing. "My legal and business advisers tell me that it would be a good investment, and I am ready to take hold of the Brightlight Electric as soon as the formalities can be arranged."

Stone grunted his approval, and immediately arose, looking at his watch.

"Pleased to have met you, Mr. Burnit," he rumbled hoarsely, and took his coat and hat. "Sorry I can't stay. Promised to meet a man."

"Coming back?" asked Garland.

"Might," responded the other, and was gone.

As soon as Stone had left the trifle of strain that had been apparent prior to Bobby's very decided statement that he would go into the business, was lifted; and Mrs. Sharpe, pink of cheek and sparkling of eye and exhilarated by the wine to her utmost of purely physical attractiveness, moved when the coffee was served to a chair between Bobby and Garland, and, gifted with a purring charm, exerted herself to the utmost to please the newcomer. She puzzled Bobby. The woman was an entirely new type to him, and he could not fathom her.

With the clearing of the table more champagne was bought, and Bobby began to have an uneasy dread of a "near-orgie," such as was associated in the minds of the knowing ones with this crowd. Sharpe, however, quickly removed this fear, for, pushing aside his own glass with a bare sip after it had been filled, he drew forth a pencil and produced some papers which he spread before Bobby.

"I imagined that you would have a very favorable report on the Brightlight Electric," he said with a smile, "so I took the liberty of bringing along an outline of my plan for reorganization. If Mr. Garland and Mrs. Sharpe will excuse us for talking shop we might glance over them together."

"You're selfish," pouted Mrs. Sharpe quite prettily, but, nevertheless, she turned her exclusive attention to Garland for the time being.

With considerable of interest Bobby plunged into the business at hand. Here was a well-established concern that had been doing business for three decades, which had been paying ten per cent. dividends for years, and which would doubtless continue to do so for many years to come. An opportunity to obtain control of it solved his problem of investment at once, and he strove to approach its intricacies with intelligence. He became vaguely aware, by and by, that just behind him Garland and Mrs. Sharpe were carrying on a most animated conversation in an undertone interspersed with much laughter, and once, with a start of annoyance, he overheard Garland telling a slightly *risqué* story, at which Mrs. Sharpe laughed softly and with evident relish. He glanced around involuntarily. Garland had his arm across the back of her chair, and they were leaning toward each other in a close proximity which Bobby reflected with sudden savageness could not possibly occur if that were his wife; nor was he much softened by the later reflection that, in the first place, a woman of her type never could have been his wife, and that, in the second place, it was not the man who was to blame, nor the woman so much, as Sharpe himself. Indeed, Bobby somehow gained the impression that the others flouted and despised Sharpe and held him as a weakling.

His glance was but a fleeting one, and he turned back with a look which Sharpe, noting, misinterpreted.

"I had hoped," he said, "to go into this thing very thoroughly, so that we could begin the reorganization at once, with the preliminaries completely understood; but if we are detaining you from any engagement, Mr. Burnit ——"

"Not at all, not at all," the highly-interested Bobby hastened to assure him. "I have no engagements whatever to-night, and my time is entirely at your disposal."

"Then let's drop down to the theatre," suddenly interposed Mrs. Sharpe. "You can talk your dust-dry business there just as well as here. Billy, telephone down to the Orpheum and see if they have a box."

Bobby was far too unsuspecting to understand that he had been deliberately trapped. Though not of the ultra exclusives, his social position was an excellent one and he had the entrée everywhere. To be seen publicly with young Burnit was a step upward, as Mrs. Sharpe saw it, in that forbidding and painful social climb.

Bobby started with dismay when Garland stepped to the telephone, but he was fairly caught, and he realized it in time to check the involuntary protest that arose to his lips. He had acknowledged that his time was free and at their disposal, and he regretted deeply that no good, handy lie came to his rescue.

They arrived at the theatre between acts, and with the full blaze of the auditorium upon them. Bobby's comfort was not at all heightened when Stone almost immediately followed them in. He had firmly made up his mind as they entered to obtain a place in the rear corner of the box, where he could not be seen; but he was not prepared for the generalship of Mrs. Sharpe, who so manœuvred it as to force him to the very edge, between herself and Garland, and, as she turned to him with a laughing remark which, in pantomime, had all the confidential understanding of most cordial and intimate acquaintanceship, Bobby glanced apprehensively across at the other side of the proscenium-arch. There, in the opposite box, staring at him in shocked amazement, sat Agnes Elliston!

IV

"BUT Agnes," protested Bobby at the Elliston home next day, "I could not possibly help it."

"No?" she inquired incredulously. "I don't imagine that any one strongly advised you to have anything to do with Mr. Sharpe—and it was through him that you met *her*. Perhaps it is just as well that it happened, however, because it has shown you just how you were about to become involved."

Bobby swallowed quite painfully. His tongue was a little dry.

"Well, the fact of the matter is," he admitted, reddening and stammering, "that I have already 'become involved,' if that's the way you choose to put it; for—for—I signed an agreement with Sharpe, and an application for increase of capitalization, this morning."

"You don't mean it!" she gasped. "How could you?"

"Why not?" he demanded. "Agnes, it seems impossible for you to divorce business and social affairs. I tell you they have absolutely nothing to do with each other. The opportunity Sharpe offered me is a splendid one.

"The Brightlight is Too Good to Let the General Public in On"

Chalmers and Johnson investigated it thoroughly, and both advise me that it is quite an unusually good chance."

"You didn't seem to be able to divorce business and social affairs last night," she reminded him rather sharply, returning to the main point at issue and ignoring all else.

There was the rub. She could not get out of her mind the picture of Mrs. Sharpe chatting gayly with him, smiling up at him and all but fawning upon him, in full view of any number of people who knew both Agnes and Bobby.

"You have made deliberate choice of your companions, Mr. Burnit, after being warned against them from more than one source," she told him, aflame with indignant jealousy, but speaking with the rigidity common in such quarrels, "and you may abide by your choice."

"Agnes!" he protested. "You don't mean ——"

"I mean just this," she interrupted him coldly, "that I certainly cannot afford to be seen in public, and don't particularly care to entertain in private, any one who permits himself to be seen in public with, or entertained in private by, the notorious Mrs. Frank L. Sharpe."

They were both of them pale, both trembling, both stiffened by hurt and rebellious pride. Bobby gazed at her a moment in a panic, and saw no relenting in her eyes, in her pose, in her compressed lips. She was still thinking of the way Mrs. Sharpe had looked at him.

"Very well," said he, quite calmly; "since our arrangements for this evening are off, I presume I may as well accept that invitation to dine at Sharpe's," and with this petty threat he left the house.

At the Idlers' he was met by a succession of grins that were more aggravating because for the most part they were but scantily explained. Nick Allstyne, indeed, did take him into a corner, and, with a vast show of secrecy, requested him to have an ordinance passed, through his new and influential friends, turning Bedlow Park into a polo ground; while Payne Whitney added insult to injury by shaking hands with him and most gravely congratulating him—but upon what he would not say. Bobby was half grinning and yet half angry when he left the club and went over for his usual half hour at the gymnasium. Professor Henry H. Bates was also grinning.

"See you're butting in with the swell mob," observed Mr. Bates cheerfully. "Getting your name in the paper, ain't you, along with the fake heavy-weights and the divorces?" and before Bobby's eyes he thrust a copy of the yellowest of the morning papers, wherein it was set forth that Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Sharpe had entertained a notable box party at the Orpheum, the night before, consisting of Samuel Stone, William Garland and Robert Burnit, the latter of whom, it was rumored, was soon to be identified with the larger financial affairs of the city, having already contracted to purchase a controlling interest in the Brightlight Electric Company. The paper had more to say about the significance of Bobby's appearance in this company, as indicating the new political move which sought to ally the younger business element with the progressive party that had been so long in safe, sane and conservative control of municipal affairs, except for the temporary set-back of the recent so-called "citizens' movement" hysteria. Bobby frowned more deeply as he read on, and Mr. Bates grinned more and more cheerfully.

"Here's where it happens," he observed. "On the level, Bobby, did they hook you up on this electric deal?"

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Bobby. "After thorough investigation by my own lawyer and my own bookkeeper, the Brightlight proves to have been a profitable enterprise for a great many years, and is in as good condition now as it ever was. Why shouldn't I go into it?"

Biff winked.

"Because it's no fun being the goat," he replied. "Say, tell me, did you ever earn a pull with this bunch?"

"No."

"Well, then, why should they hand you anything but the buzzer? If this is a good stunt don't you suppose they'd keep it at home? Don't you suppose that Stone could go out and get half the money in this town, if he wanted it, to put behind a deal that was worth ten per cent. a year and pickings? I don't care what your lawyer or what Johnson says about it, I know the men. This boy Garland is a good sport, all right, but he's for the easy-money crowd every time—and they're going to make the next mayor out of him. Our local Hicks would rather be robbed by a lot of friendly stick-up artists than have their money wasted by a lot of wooden-heads, and after this election the old Stone gang will have their feet right back in the trough; yes! This is the way I figure the dope. They've framed it up to dump the Brightlight Electric, and you're the fall guy. So wear pads in your derby, because the first thing you know the hammer's going to drop on your coco."

"How do you find out so much, Biff?" returned Bobby, smiling.

"By sleeping seven hours a day in place of twenty-four. If some of the marks I know would only cough up for a good, reliable alarm clock they'd be better off."

"Meaning me, of course," said Bobby. "For that I'll have to manhandle you a little. Where's your gloves?"

For fifteen minutes they punched away at each other with soft gloves as determinedly and as energetically as if they were deadly enemies, and then Bobby went back up to his own office. He found Applerod jubilant and Johnson glum. Already Applerod heard himself saying to his old neighbors: "As Frank L. Sharpe said to me this morning ——," or: "I told Sharpe ——," or: "Say! Sam Stone stopped at my desk yesterday ——," and already he began to shine by this reflected glory.

"I hear that you have decided to go into the Brightlight Electric," he observed.

"Signed the papers this morning," admitted Bobby.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Man Who Takes Your Money

The Day's Work of the Receiving Teller

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

THE two tellers in a bank might be likened to the "battery" in a baseball nine; the rest of the clerical force representing the fielders. And by the same token, the receiving end of the battery is just as important—in fact, is even more likely to "head off a runner" than he who delivers the cash over the counter.

One might suppose that the receiving teller, dealing only with the regular customers of the bank or their representatives, would become merely mechanical in his work—that he would not need to keep his wits about him in the same degree as his side partner. Nothing could be further from the truth; for nothing on earth is as tricky as money—currency—especially in the hands of people, some of whom never do the same thing the same way twice in succession. In such hands it becomes doubly tricky. It is also harder to handle, as, for instance, when it is handed in—a bunch of it—upside down, backs to fronts; ones, twos, fives, tens and so on, mixed up all kinds of ways. Of course, this always happens around three o'clock, when the teller might use a couple of extra hands to advantage.

But the teller who has made friends of his customers and their employees has to contend with that sort of thing much less often than he who is a grouch or who simply appears to have no human interest in anything. And just here let me say that the personal equation enters into the receiving teller's work to a degree beyond that of any man in the bank, not excepting the cashier. For not all customers are borrowers who must see him. Neither does the average depositor get a check cashed at the paying teller's window every day—nor every three or four days. But the receiving teller sees all of the principal customers practically every day, and he will have a rough or easy time of it just in proportion as he is liked or disliked by them. It is no disparagement of the teller to say that it is a difficult thing for him to treat all depositors exactly alike. No matter how conscientious he may be in that respect, he will unconsciously display little differences of manner. In this connection a most amusing illustration of how "money talks" occurred in another bank years ago, when I was bookkeeper.

A poor workman—a cooper from down the river—came in one day and handed the teller a small slip of paper, asking him in the most matter-of-fact tone to collect "what was due on it." It was a ticket of the Louisiana State Lottery, calling for fifteen thousand dollars, according to the list of winning numbers accompanying it. The teller made a salaam almost Oriental in its profundity and waved the man around to the president and cashier, who were chatting at the latter's desk. The man, in a blue jumper, stood a few feet away, twisting his hat in his hand until there came a casual question as to his business.

"I have drawn fifteen thousand dollars in the lottery, and I want you ——"

In an instant both president and cashier were on their feet, each one standing behind the chair he had been occupying. And they bowed like a couple of little China mandarins, or, rather, like our old friends, Gaston and Alphonse.

Actually Groaned Aloud, and Walked Up and Down, Fanning Himself

Currency is tricky in so many ways that I have never yet seen a handler of it who claimed he knew it all, the many fake stories about the craft to the contrary. There is only one right way to count currency, and that is to pick it up in both hands and let it slip through the fingers in the way familiar to all. In this way one gets a good look at the whole note, unless working very swiftly. It is easy enough to detect a shortage in a package by thumbing it, but that method is not so sure when there is an over. An instance that happened some years ago will suffice to illustrate. In putting up a package of one thousand dollars in twenties (gold notes) I made an error of twenty. Quite contrary to custom, the paying teller asked me for just such a package to make up an amount for a specific purpose. This same package was handed him and he counted it—presumably. After some hours' good hard sweating I "settled" twenty dollars short that day. Several days later the identical package came back to me through a customer. It was promptly pounced upon, broken open and counted. A lovely new twenty-dollar note was found in the middle of it, doubled up across the centre. The wrong end of that package had been thumbed each time.

Filthy Lucre, Indeed

THERE are obvious reasons why this particular note was lovely, aside from its newness. Not all of them are lovely—except when they are yours. On the contrary, currency is about the dirtiest stuff imaginable—filthy lucre—actually as well as figuratively. Take a package of "rags" coming from a small bank, say, or a rent collector. It may comprise notes recently handled by a retail fish dealer, a maker of cheap perfumery, the mixer in a fertilizer factory, and so on *ad nauseam*. The effect of such a conglomerate whole is only equaled when the notes are separated to be sent to the Sub-Treasury for redemption. Dr. Woods Hutchinson says there are good and bad germs constantly at war with one another. For this let us be thankful.

When the teller snaps the last note of the bunch down with a jerk, looks up and says, "You are short" so much, he may be speaking to the customer himself, to a boy or young woman employee, or to some person whom he has never seen before. A fine-looking old gentleman came up to my desk one day with a deposit of currency from a customer living in one of the lower counties. It had been carefully taken care of; in fact, the bundle had been mashed open against the man's body. It was short some twenty or thirty dollars; and when he had counted it over he gave utterance to the most unique line of talk I ever heard. He would see his friend "bound hand and foot in Hades" before he would subject himself to such carelessness again.

Now, seven times out of ten such a mistake is made by changing the notes after the deposit is made up—that is, substituting one denomination for another. It should never be done. Many times the person can instantly recall how the mistake has been made. They are not all like the woman who once handed me a sum which was ten dollars short. It was given back to her, with the request that she count it.

"That cannot be wrong," she exclaimed, "for it has been strapped in the book, and the book has been in my bag, and the bag has not been opened since I left home." Each fact was accompanied by an emphatic nod of the head.

"Did you count it just before you left home?"

"Yes, I did; not once, but twice."

"With your gloves on or off?"

"I don't remember, but I know the correct amount was in that book *when I handed it to you*. The gloves have nothing to do with it, and you know it."

It was a particularly nasty speech, spoken in a particularly nasty way.

"Will you be good enough to walk around to the cashier and repeat that?" Instead, she pranced out.

With my supposedly tough epidermis tingling a bit, I got husband on the 'phone right quick. "Why, yes," he laughed; "I took out ten ones and put back a ten-spot—wait a minute, hold the wire. I have it here," he said presently. "My wife took the deposit upstairs, and then dressed for the street. She has dropped it on the floor."

"Thanks—and won't you please ask her to handle your money without gloves hereafter, and to put on the gloves when she handles me?" and the incident is closed.

Trouble with Counterfeits

THIS, of course, is an exception, for the vast majority of people are both decent as to manners and square as to money matters, at least so far as their dealings with banks are concerned. And then, once in a while you strike one who is simply too smart for anything. Such a one was a man who sent me a counterfeit silver dollar. It was a rather good-looking piece, but it had that peculiar, soapy feeling so characteristic of most counterfeit silver. It was sent back to him—a dollar being deducted from his ticket. A week or so later it came back in about a quart of loose stuff. It was again returned with the request that he keep it. It appeared the third time during the rush hour, but this trip it went back cut almost in half. The fellow came in on the hop. "Vat righd hat you to do it?" he whined. "It was only a choke. Vat am I to do? Lose de dollar?" The reply was: "It is not a dollar in the first place, only a piece of lead."

Counterfeit silver is much easier to detect than notes that are spurious. A thorough knowledge of each note of each issue—its appearance fixed in the mind's eye—is the best safeguard against them. Do not study a collection of counterfeit notes, even when they are placed beside the good ones. That way madness lies. I know a teller who did that when he first took the job, and for days and weeks he was scared to death, stopping to scrutinize each note that did not look just right.

And yet there have been some wonderfully good counterfeits. We all remember the fraudulent one-hundred-dollar silver certificate (Monroe head) that created such a sensation a few years ago. Its discovery by Mr. Cramer, of the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury, was owing to the fading of the red seal, an aniline dye having been used. The whole issue was retired by the Government. It had every teller in the country on the alert, so that when one of these notes was presented for deposit the owner was required to write his name on it, pending the decision of the Treasury Department as to its genuineness.

But by Good Luck He Went Out to Lunch and Spied the Very Man

A curious thing in connection with that great forgery—the history of which is absolutely unique in the annals of crime—is that while the men who engraved the plate were in prison, under the constant supervision of the officials, they procured the tools and materials—smuggled in to them—and actually succeeded in engraving a splendid counterfeit of the twenty-dollar greenback (Hamilton head), which was put in circulation through confederates who came to see them. It might be interesting to read a detailed description of that counterfeit:

Very dangerous. Printed from engraved plates. The most noticeable defects in the note are in the portrait of Hamilton: the nose, instead of being round on the end, is brought to a sharp point; the chin, instead of being double, as in the genuine, is square; the head, from the back of the hair to the tip of the nose—on the line of the ear—is a fraction of an inch wider than the genuine; the work on the coat gives a flat effect and merges into the background in the lower part of the portrait. In the border, the small figures "20" are omitted between the "XX" (thus: "X 20 X"). In the octagonal ornament under the word "Washington"—centre face of note—the detail is so blurred that the little eight-pointed star forming centre of the ornament does not stand out in relief, as in the genuine. The note is printed on paper of very deceptive character, and has the distributed fibre.

Is it any wonder that the study of counterfeits will get on a new teller's nerve? The scarcity of counterfeits speaks volumes for the really magnificent work of our Secret Service, headed by that bundle of brain, nerve and ingenuity, Chief John E. Wilkie.

Suppose the teller picks a certain note out of the bunch you hand him and, after examining it carefully, stamps "Counterfeit" across it in nice, big, black letters, and then hands it back to you. It is more than an even chance that you will be highly indignant, until he asks you if you would have passed it on, knowing it to be bad. Then it is time for you to look foolish and say "No." But, curiously enough, many people would do that who would not steal. Hence the teller takes no chance; it is his duty, and you have no redress whatever.

Can any one tell why silver coins are punched? It is said that most silver dollars which are punched are punched when new, strung on a cord and given to the baby to cut its teeth on. Considering the price of a hard rubber ring, that is a poor explanation, but the nearest approach to one I have ever heard. Of course, gold is punched and sweated and rimmed, even the pieces split in half and the inside dug out. Often the teller finds a two-dollar-and-a-half piece or a five-dollar piece which has been used as a breastpin or bangle. The Government will not redeem such if any of the solder used in attaching the pin remains on the coin.

Indeed, Uncle Sam is very particular in many other ways. For instance, when he calls for a statement of the bank's condition, he wants to know not only how much money the bank has on hand, but how much of each kind: National bank notes ("bills of other banks"), silver certificates, gold notes, and other legal tenders. So when the teller separates them as he counts them, thereby delaying you a bit longer, don't call him an old maid. He wouldn't do it if he didn't have to. And—this in your ear—he calls that customer perfect who does it for him.

How an Obliging Teller was Caught for Fifty

THERE is a reason, too, why the teller, though he may not be busy at the time, requests you to make out your own deposit ticket, if your deposit consists partly of currency. A teller of my acquaintance once made out a lady's ticket. It was for currency only. When her book was balanced some time later she claimed that the teller had made a mistake of fifty dollars. Oh, no, she had not examined the entry in her book at the time; she relied on his accuracy and honesty. She brought witnesses as to the amount of money given her at the savings-bank that day and told a generally straight tale, except the small vital part that was crooked. And the teller had to pay up for being accommodating.

Did you ever make a deposit at the bank composed of checks, currency silver and a small amount of gold, tuck the gold away in your clothes, forgetting you have it, until the teller asks you for it? It need not cause you embarrassment, for it is quite a common occurrence. But you needn't be surprised if he breaks open a roll of standard silver dollars—if they are bound in thick paper—and counts them before you leave the window. I took such a roll once and failed to notice that the depositor's name was not written on it. It turned out to be what my side partner calls a "sausage grinder"—that is, the roll consisted of a silver dollar, then a half dollar; a silver dollar, then a half, and so on; the thick paper making the roll perfectly smooth. Happening to remember the depositor, I called up his young man, with whom I had had serious trouble before. He came down and strenuously denied ownership. "The firm's name is not on it; how can you tell it came from us?" He was requested to open it. He found the inside of the paper to be the front of an envelope which bore his firm's address. It was a curious piece of stupidity, and the young man did not last long.

A Depositor Without a Conscience

ON THE other hand, what must have been the feelings of a teller who every day for years had dealings with a man who had beaten him out of a good sum? You may know a thing absolutely, and yet be quite unable to prove it; in fact, might subject yourself to a suit for slander by giving tongue to it. By not so much as the flicker of an eyelash did this man suspect that the teller knew of the occurrence. One day, several years later, the man deposited with the teller's assistant a package of currency, guaranteeing the count. The teller broke it open and found it over just the amount he had settled short that day long before. The man was called around to the bank at once. A brand-new note was shoved at him and the teller looked him straight in the eye. The slow blood spread over the man's face, his lips moved once or twice without a sound. Finally he said a word of thanks and went out, and that was all. But some day that thing may rise up and smite him.

"I Have Drawn Fifteen Thousand Dollars in the Lottery, and I Want You——"

All these things come in the way of experience, which, curiously enough, does not lessen the teller's faith in human nature. It is chiefly carelessness and ignorance with which he has to contend.

It sounds absurd to say that the teller has to watch to see that a depositor writes his own name on his own ticket, doesn't it? But it is a fact. One day a man came in to deposit some money for a friend. He wrote his own name on the ticket, at the same time handing in the book, which, of course, bore the name of the right man. The teller did not notice the difference in names; he got only a glimpse of the man's face as he departed. The result was this: When the bookkeeper saw the new name on the ticket, he made some caustic comment on the failure of the teller to write "new acct." on it, to save him (the bookkeeper) the trouble of looking through the "small balances" to see if it was not an old account suddenly become active. That remark, overheard by chance, saved much trouble. For the bank had three hundred dollars of somebody's money—had given a receipt for it by entering the amount in the owner's book. But who was the owner? He might check on it at any time and, if the check was thrown out, he would surely have the right to make serious trouble for the bank. The teller would be sure to get it good and hard. But by good luck he went out to lunch and spied the very man—a lawyer—who had made the deposit for his friend; so the rest was easy—except the attempt to make this lawyer see how he had done wrong. It is a curious thing, but I will leave it to the other members of my profession if those of the legal fraternity are not most ignorant as to bank business generally. One of them, with whom I had merely a bowing acquaintance, came in one day with an out-of-town check. He knew no one in the bank but me. I didn't care to take the responsibility and made the usual excuses (it is often very embarrassing), quoted rules and so on. "Why, the check is certified," he said; "you are taking no chances. A certified check is the same as money, isn't it?" He would argue the matter. And when finally told—simply for the sake of argument—although the statement had no bearing on his case, that a certification could be forged as easily as the check itself, he went "up in the air" like a balloon—a toy one at that; and he has never yet come down low enough to nod to me, even.

Then, again, to some people "exchange"—that is, the cost of collecting out-of-town items—is merely a form of graft—nothing less. There are those who cannot or will not understand that the cost of a bank's collections amounts to thousands of dollars a year. It devolves upon the receiving teller, who makes these charges (on cash items), to make the explanations of them to the new or ignorant customer who protests against the "picayune, contemptible thing," as I have heard it called. One man who used to deposit with us was the source of much amusement during the process of calculating and deducting the exchange from his ticket. He would twist and squirm, as if in physical pain, as though I were cutting away part of his anatomy; and once, when as much as a dollar and a half was deducted, he actually groaned aloud, and walked up and down, fanning himself. He finally left us for some smaller bank, not bound by the Clearing-House rule.

Occasionally, the teller has to resort to all sorts of expedients to keep a depositor from being humiliated in his own eyes, or, as he might think, in the eyes of those in line beside him. The cashier may have information as to the status of a depositor's affairs which leads him to caution the teller, or the latter may receive an order not to take Blank's deposit without submitting it to the cashier. Any hesitation or extra long scrutiny and the man may say: "Oh, you don't have to take it, you know."

Not long since a new depositor stood looking at me, waiting to have the entry made in his book—an out-of-town check, it was. I apparently dropped the check behind the money tray and, turning quickly, said, "Hello," as though some one had called me through the confused sound of adding machines, thumping of rubber stamps, and so on. Then: "Excuse me, sir, just a moment," picked up the check and slipped back to submit it. My guess that he was one of the touchy, belligerent kind was right; for he growled: "It seems to me you could have made that entry before you left the counter." That was true, but it is also true that, had he known the reason for my trip, he would have been mortally offended. For a long time this man was the worst grouch I ever saw; his attitude being that of acute hypercriticism, until the desire to thrust my head through the window and simply bark at him was almost irresistible.

But, happily, the pleasant side of it all far outweighs the other. The clerical force is quick to get on to the peculiarities of customers, and often much quiet fun is the result, especially if one of the force is a "funny one." There used to be a customer who had the habit of "rubbering" around in every direction, at the same time picking with thumb and finger at the red stubble on his face. The gesture was irresistibly funny. It was exactly that of a very dainty person, drinking out of a cup with the little finger stuck out at an angle. A sharp s-s-s-t from the teller one day caused the whole force to look up at him. And the funny one began: "One, I love! Two, I love! Three, I love, I say!" as the man picked at his beard. It was taken up in a flash by first one, then another, and by the time the familiar verse was finished—on the opposite side of the big room—the whole place was in a suppressed roar of laughter.

Can any one tell whence comes the superstition that the two-dollar bill—"she note," as it is called—is bad luck? There is one man I know who is firmly convinced of it. He came in one day last winter, and I offered him in change two of these bills, at the same time pooh-poohing him into taking them against his will. The next day his employer appeared and said, laughing: "Blank is going to send you a doctor's bill; he slipped on an iron grating and broke his ankle five minutes after you gave him those two-dollar bills."

So it may be seen that something new is always turning up. I once spent hours looking for a five-dollar gold piece that had dropped in the fold of my trousers, turned up at the bottom.

It has been my good fortune never to have run across anything crooked or sinister on the inside.

The Voice of an Ocean Liner

Two Teachers, Some Time-Tables and a Trip to Europe

"Ten Minutes Later, Together We Turn Down a Narrow Lane"

By ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

AT THE end of one of those April days when even over Manhattan Island nature pours her mysterious flood of fresh and teeming life; when the air that is pregnant with earthy odors, the parks that are budding with delicate green, and the streets that are ringing with shouts of the youngsters, are rousing in the souls of four millions the old vague, restless feelings of spring; deep through it all, from the North River there sounded a bellow, muffled and low and long drawn out, the voice of an ocean liner, outward bound for the open seas.

Listening at her wide-open window, she hungrily imaged it all. The huge gray ship, swinging slowly around in the river, the long decks blackened with people and dotted with waving flecks of white, the enlivening crash of the music, the smoke pouring thicker and thicker up from the great, round funnels, and, as the leviathan got under way, the sparkling waves, the spray at her bow, and the hazy, fresh, blue vista opening far ahead.

With an explosive upward breath she blew a rebellious wisp of hair from her black eyes; these eyes gleamed, she pursed her lips, and again bent sternly to her work. She was going abroad the end of June for the first time in her life.

As she bent over the pile of monotonous school exercises, with her blue pencil making quick crosses and dashes under the errors, from time to time that muffled bellow sounded fainter and fainter from far down the bay.

In sheer exasperation the little teacher smiled. And, staring out into the deepening twilight, so rich and disturbing with all its glad awakening life, other scenes rose vividly: the crowded, laughing Paris boulevards at night; quaint, mysterious, crooked streets in old Italian towns; cool, fresh German gardens; the cheery hum of Deutscher voices; dreamy music floating under the spreading, gnarled old trees; and somewhere high above, with all around the snowy Alpine peaks reddening in the afterglow, a long, gray road winding down the valley to the stout little inn with the curling smoke, to the warm, spicy supper and the soft, Swiss feather bed. The girl bit her lips and made a prodigious blue jab with her pencil.

She had few friends. For during the two winters here in New York, with the long-dreamed-of journey looming steadily closer, she had spent her spare hours in public libraries and here in her room, eagerly storing her mind with the famous scenes and the legends and droll little yarns of the road, from histories, magazines and the latest volumes of travel. The room was small and scantily furnished. Her clothing was plain. She had saved every possible penny.

That same week there came a long letter from her old home, a farm high up in the New Hampshire mountains. The handwriting was large, simple and distinct, and so was the story it told. Her young brother Jim had dropped a lighted match in the hayloft of the barn, they had had barely time to get out the horses and cows, everything else had gone. And the new farm year was about to begin.

She read the letter slowly, read it many times. She could not sleep that night, and on Sunday morning she took a long, reflective walk up in Central Park, where the vagabond birds were arriving by thousands from winter wanderings down in the South. Monday afternoon she sent a check to her father. Later she went to the steamship office and canceled her reservation. And then she returned to her room, took up the blue pencil, and jabbed and crossed and underlined with a vicious sparkle in her eyes. Suddenly she stopped, turned round and looked into the mirror.

"Jim," she said at last, in a low and solemn voice, "I'd like to wring your little neck!" And feeling somewhat better she resumed her work. But that night again she lay awake, listening angrily and against her will to the rough, discordant hubbub from the harbor.

On the following Friday afternoon, in the public school where she worked, the Principal summoned her to his room. She entered with an air of easy assurance, quaking deep inside. He sat at his desk, tall, powerful, lean—a grave, stern man of thirty-five.

"What's wrong?" he asked. She caught the note of pity in his gruff, quiet voice.

"Well?" she asked. His face cleared; the Principal was himself again.

"My dear young woman," he said incisively, "these disappointments are part of life. It is the business of reasonable minds to take them as they come. And I sincerely trust that *you* may acquire sufficient *self-control*—to forget this little pleasure dream—and go cheerfully on with your regular duties here at school. I may add," he continued deliberately, "that such a course is the one most apt to restore your vigor, and ——" he hesitated.

"To retain my position in school," she finished sharply.

"Precisely." Again she started out. "But believe me," he said, as he bent over his desk, "I am sorry—very."

"Thank you," she snapped, and flounced out of the room.

And slowly interlacing his long, bony fingers the Principal looked up with a diabolic grin.

"What a—remarkable ailment," he repeated.

During the next two weeks, every morning at ten o'clock he appeared at the door of her classroom, and stood there watching her work.

Up to this time she had been a splendid geography teacher. Such dreary things as boundaries, populations, principal cities and products she had a way of enlivening

As the Hungry Girl Grew Silent He Gladly Talked for Both

"What do you mean?" she asked, so severely that she herself started.

"I mean," he replied, with pity unruffled, "that you are looking completely worn out, that your work in the classroom is listless. It seems to have lost its accustomed snap—if I may use the expression."

"You may," she said hurriedly. He stared, and she blushed at her impudence. Giddy and dazed, she glanced up again, caught the ghost of a twinkle in his gray eyes, and acting upon a blind, feminine instinct she smiled, came close to his desk and said in a low, confidential tone:

"It's the bellow of a ship. It comes from the river, you know. And ——" she stopped. For the Principal had given a curious, little start. He recovered himself with a frown.

"The bellow of a ship?" he repeated slowly. "What a remarkable ailment!" And he looked at her in such a completely bewildered way that the girl, who had now collected her whirling thoughts, smiled again and said simply:

"I was going abroad the end of June. On account of trouble at home I have had to give up my passage. I'm a little disappointed. You see, I've been planning the trip for some time."

"Ah!" His broad, square jaws snapped tight, like a door that is slammed to hide secrets within. "Believe me," he said, in a voice dry as a bone, "I am sorry!" He turned his head and looked out of the window, with a manner so distinctly bored that the girl gave a shrug of utter detest and started to leave the room.

"One moment." He was regarding her now with a puzzled scowl.

by pictures so graphic and stories so thrilling that even the sleepiest urchins would quiver and start from their seats with eager grunts of delight. And now, under the goad of the Principal's presence, pale except for one bright spot on either cheek, the little teacher smiled and racked her brains for the gay, old stories and scenes. She tingled deep with wounded pride, strove hard to appear at her ease. At the huge maps on the wall, asking questions, biting her lips, describing, narrating, she seemed barely to notice his presence, and struggled to hold the eyes of a hundred fluttering small girls. But in vain. She could see their sharp, excited glances constantly turning back to the corner behind her. As day followed day and still he came, she saw these glances fill with ire. And when he was gone, a bedlam of whispers, loud and clear, reached her burning ears.

"He's a-goin' to fire her!" burst from one pair of feminine lips.

"Am't he the mean one!" whispered an intimate friend "With her so sick an' beautiful—an' thin—an' tryin' hard—an' sweet! Ain't he!"

There was only one chubby German mite who had nothing at all to say. She sat in the second row from the front, and through her big spectacles she eyed the man in eager, prying, fascinated silence. For her such things as populations seemed far off in another world. And at times, as she watched, a sudden thrill of joy seemed passing up and down her spine.

Two weeks passed, and still the silent visits. And now the little teacher, feeling herself more conscious and awkward and stupid each day, fevered and aching in every limb from the wakeful nights of growing suspense, felt her indignation rise, boiling hot and ready to pour forth. She set her lips the tighter and went on. She was not afraid; she had always loved a fight. But, little by little, though she barely gave him a glance, the powerful, sinister form of the Principal loomed in her mind as a demon, a symbol of all the steady, monotonous drudging that she detested most in life.

At last, one hot morning, she broke off in her work, turned to him sharply, took a fierce grip on herself, and looked quietly up.

"May I speak to you in the hall?" she asked. He gave a startled smile.

"Assuredly you may," he said, and with grave, old-fashioned courtesy he held the door for her to pass. Once outside she closed it gently, and wheeled around with flaming cheeks. Just for a moment the little teacher became a fiery beauty in her wrath.

"Well?" he asked uneasily.

"Well?" she repeated in low, shaking tones. They looked at each other in silence.

"You are right," he said. "I have been here too often. I have been here," he added, "more than I realized."

"And now?" she asked

"And now," he went on calmly, "I should like, if you will allow me, to come to see you this evening and have a long talk. I have a plan," he added quickly, noting her frown of surprise, "a definite plan which may prove of assistance. I cannot conveniently set it forth here in the school. It is—h'm—somewhat too extensive." Again she caught that ghost of a twinkle. "Believe me," he added, "my dear young woman, your Principal is at this moment trying to do his best."

"His duty!" The words escaped her.

"His pleasure," he corrected, with a quiet, good-humored smile. He had the upper hand again, and felt that he had, and so did she. The girl looked down at her shabby shoes.

"I can't quite see the reason," she said grudgingly. "But—I shall be glad to see you. You have my address."

"Precisely at eight," said the Principal, and he walked importantly down the hall.

That evening, as the hands of her tiny brass clock crept toward the appointed hour, she sat bolt upright at her desk, suspiciously watching the blank and innocent door. Now and then she threw a nervous glance about her. The soft, red curtain was drawn close over the alcove where stood her bed and her dressing-table; throughout the room various things had been removed; the sanctum had been made as bare and impersonal as possible. When the clock began striking the hour she shivered, then laughed at herself, and began writing a letter. And as the minutes dragged on, her lips began to curl in a slight sneer. Even this model of duty could be late.

He arrived at a quarter-past eight, and was ushered up by the plump and excited landlady. The girl greeted him calmly, in such a businesslike way that the disappointed matron quickly withdrew. And for a moment the pair eyed each other in silence. In the small, low-ceilinged room he seemed doubly tall and powerful; his face was slightly flushed, and over his high and glistening forehead his sandy hair was tumbled about in the most ludicrous fashion. The Principal was plainly off his ground. This she saw, and on her lips there appeared a sweet, cruel smile.

"You are somewhat late," she ventured.

"Precisely!" He drew out his handkerchief and began carefully polishing his glasses. "I was about to remark it myself," he said, holding the glasses up to the light. "And by way of excuse," he continued, putting them on and surveying her sternly, "I may add that for the last ten minutes I have attended a concert down the street." Through the open window the jovial throb of a hurdy-gurdy reached their ears. "I found it conducive," he added gravely, "to calm, clear, logical thought—of which I stood somewhat in need." The little teacher smiled.

"For to be quite frank," he blurted, "I am proceeding upon a mere supposition." Abruptly he went to the table and began unwrapping the package which he had held nervously under one arm. "A glance," he said, without looking up, "will be sufficient. If what I have here does not prove of interest, please let me know at once and I shall promptly retire."

In profound silence they bent over the table. The wrappings fell back, disclosing a mass of maps, steamship

For Two Long Weeks They Had Been Tramping

pamphlets, newspaper clippings and sundry other mysterious bundles, all neatly folded and tied in bright red cord.

With a gasp the girl straightened. Once more wiping his glasses, the Principal began unfolding the bundles carefully, one by one.

A tattered newspaper clipping slipped unnoticed from his hand. It was a picture of a ragged, bare-headed, laughing little boy. When he caught her looking at it he turned red to the roots of his hair. She picked it up, and as she scanned it closer the expression on her face deepened into sheer amazement.

"Quite irrelevant, I assure you," he said hurriedly.

"*Is this—you?*" she asked. He scowled

"Believe me," he said, "I had not intended to introduce an element so personal. But now you have seen it, I am forced to admit—between you and me, young woman, quite between you and me—that when I was a lad on a Rhode Island farm I had a strange propensity—for running away!" Over the little teacher's brow a brown curl excitedly tumbled; she blew it fiercely out of her eyes. The Principal grew desperate. "That propensity," he growled, "has been entirely overcome, as you know!" She stared.

"I know nothing," she said slowly. Her gaze was most disturbing. He took a turn around the room.

"To be brief," he said, wheeling back. "I ran away not once, but several times. That picture was taken in Providence, where, at the age of eleven, I was interviewed by the press. I grew up and became a teacher. I found my work absorbing, and my work has been my life. I have had few friends. My summer vacations I have spent in tramping; I have covered some twenty States in all. My winter evenings I spend on serious study; and occasionally, by way of diversion—this!" He turned abruptly back to the table. There followed an awkward pause.

"Are you going abroad this summer?" she asked in ominous tones.

"I am not," he said. "And what is more, I probably never shall." Her face grew a shade more friendly.

"That is strange," she said. "May I ask why not?"

"Habit, my dear young woman, habit. My plans, as you see here, have been extensive; I have even worked them out in practical detail. And, by some psychological process that I cannot explain, in the planning I have gradually grown uneasy; I do not care to have the expectations of years shattered by a rash mistake. Hence, I stay at home."

"Yes," said the girl, "I can understand that." The Principal beamed.

"I am glad you can," he said. "For my proposition is this. Your summer's tour has become impossible, but you seem unable to throw it aside. I therefore suggest that you adopt my course, which is inexpensive and involves none of the many discomforts of travel. And if, in your nightly excursions over the planet, you care to profit by the experience of a veteran stay-at-home tourist, I may be able to give you hints that will help to smooth the way." He paused. "Does the proposition appeal?" he asked.

"It does," she replied decidedly.

"Then," said the Principal, "we may proceed without further delay." And he sat down to the table. He spread out an immense stiff, crackling map, upon which, through the various countries of Europe, a heavy line of black wound its devious way.

"My route for the coming summer," he muttered. "There is only one hard problem left unsolved. It is part of this wretched puzzle of time. A bare six weeks abroad, and the opportunities are bewildering in their attractiveness. Now here!" He laid his finger sternly on one spot. "How can I get from Venice to Lucerne, leaving Venice at four P. M., stopping to make two most appealing detours, and still reaching Lucerne in time for breakfast, with the whole long day before me?" As he spoke he had savagely untied a bundle of time-tables. "That," he growled, "is the problem."

In complete dismay, for the first time in her life, the little teacher fixed her eyes on the intricate labyrinth of figures, arrivals, departures and close connections, which Europe complacently offers to frenzied American tourists.

"I had never thought of *that*," she murmured faintly. The Principal looked grimly around.

"Then you have it all before you," he said.

From that night on, twice a week, he came and spent the evening.

And as these two bent over the European world there began a deep, unceasing struggle between them. That Lucerne-Venice problem solved, the Principal found others, and glancing back and forth from the time-tables to the map, he searched and glistened and muttered until his fellow-tourist fairly writhed in anguish. Night after night she adroitly turned his attention to the gay, delightful human side. But always, after a kindly smile of interest, he would suddenly cry:

"Attractive—very! A decided addition to that week—*if* we can crowd it in! It involves some changes in connection, some most perplexing changes. But let us only keep our heads and we shall find a way." And back he would plunge into the labyrinth.

Bravely, many nights, the little teacher followed, with a weary, patient sigh. But at last the evening came when she could stand it not one moment longer.

"Wait!" Her voice was low, but her nostrils quivered. The Principal looked around. "Time-tables," she cried, "must be left from this night on entirely out of the game! Otherwise," she added calmly, "I refuse to play."

The Principal sat erect, to his full height, and regarded her in mute reproach.

(Continued on Page 27)

SPECULATION—By Our Readers

A Woman on a Salary

I AM a woman whose salary permitted her to save five hundred dollars yearly. This amount was too little for real-estate investment, and I had no opportunities to find good small loans or mortgages; so I had to be content for the time being with the three per cent. interest given by savings-banks.

In the summer of 1904 my attention was directed to the stock market, and, after careful study, I invested in Steel common, buying outright two hundred shares at twelve dollars a share. I intended this for an investment rather than a speculation, but when Steel common reached thirty-two dollars a share, five months later, it seemed wise to sell and I did so, clearing two thousand dollars. I invested my gains in a bank stock worth two hundred dollars a share. This stock pays a quarterly dividend of three per cent., and, because of undivided profits, is now worth two hundred and thirty dollars a share. It is my present intention to keep the stock as a permanent investment.

In July, 1905, after the bottom dropped out of the Steel Foundries pool, I bought twenty shares of the preferred stock at thirty-six. I expected to have to wait some time before getting a chance to sell at a profit, but my investigation had given me faith in the ultimate recovery of the stock. In December it suddenly jumped to over fifty and I sold at fifty-one, clearing three hundred dollars. Perhaps this should be set down to luck rather than to good judgment, as the stock fell again and now is quoted in the thirties.

The next year I met with my first loss. Departing from my method of investigating before buying, I bought Coppers on the strength of a "tip" given me by a friend who claimed to have inside information. I bought two hundred shares at three dollars a share and sold them for just half as much. I lost three hundred dollars, but congratulated myself that I lost no more, for the stock dropped to sixty cents.

In April, 1907, I bought ten shares of Illinois Central stock at one hundred and forty-five. Although Illinois Central is now twenty points lower than when I bought, the dividends are still the same, and as I bought it for a permanent investment, I have no wish to sell. Also, I am sure that the future will see my investment double in value.

The October panic almost put an end to my investments, but when Swift's stock dropped into the seventies I knew it was far below its real value, and I bought twenty shares at seventy-nine. I have since sold these shares at ninety-one, making on this transaction two hundred and forty dollars.

To sum up: During less than four years I have made outright $2540, and lost outright three hundred dollars; I hold bank stock worth three hundred dollars more than I paid for it, and railroad stock worth one hundred and fifty dollars less than I paid for it; if I were to sell them at present prices my total gain would be more than twenty-four hundred dollars, while interest on my savings during that time would not have reached two hundred and fifty dollars.

All this may seem "small potatoes" to rich men or to heavy speculators, but it shows the opportunities afforded by the Stock Exchange to small investors, a class debarred by the smallness of their capital from almost all other legitimate enterprises.

To guard against loss, I believe, the small investor, like myself, should investigate the securities he wishes to buy as carefully as he would investigate a farm or a flat building; that he should steer clear of "tips," buy when the market is low, and buy outright instead of on margin; that he should never speculate so heavily that a loss may ruin him, or tie up so much money that he cannot afford to wait for the market to change. I think, if he follows some such rules as these, and at the same time uses as much discretion, forethought and good judgment as he would use in any other business, his chances of loss are no greater than are those of the merchant, manufacturer or farmer.

—H. R.

Plucking the Money Tree

MY "WALL STREET" experience was brief but educational. I started because I was ambitious to make money inordinately fast. McKinley and Bryan were running for the Presidency, the free silver agitation was on, and there was great shrinkage in all securities. I believed McKinley would be elected; I knew little about Ontario and Western stock, but I did know it was cheaper than it had been for some years. Having only small capital and much cheerfulness, and wishing to lose neither, I bought a small block outright at eleven; that was caution. I sold it a few days after McKinley's election at sixteen; in a measure, that was luck.

Next came the slump that inevitably follows any sudden boom in the stock market. At what I thought was the bottom I bought D. & H. outright, but I hypothecated my stock several times, using the proceeds to buy more after each operation. I was fortunate again, and soon turned a nice profit. This was like plucking from the proverbial "money tree." I conceived the idea that the secret of success lay simply in buying cheap and selling high.

Glancing over the financial horizon my eyes lighted on cotton and, keeping ten dollars in the bank for each dollar I put up, I bought a "future." The price was 5 81, and according to all laws of nature it was at or below the cost of production; but if nature's laws as published were correct, the poor cotton growers must have been in bad shape when later it sold at 5.05. I held on; now one thousand dollars behind, now two hundred dollars ahead, then behind again. I transferred that option four times and held on nearly two years before the rise came. Finally it reached 7.70 and, having a snug little sum to my credit, I determined to close out. I had been dealing through a well-known firm and, through a friend, had met one of its recognized cotton experts. He earnestly advised me to hold on, saying cotton would reach 10 by September. I was obdurate and cashed my check. If persistency helped so did luck; my profit was safe in a Brooklyn bank two weeks later when the firm failed for millions, but cotton did reach 10 soon afterward.

My confidence waned, but not my ambition. I glanced around again. Coffee was low. I had obtained an introduction to members of a prominent coffee brokerage firm. Both of them said: "Don't buy; there is nothing to justify a rise." I was persuaded to leave my order to buy on the first ten-point drop. It didn't drop; it went up. Had I been more pig-headed I would have been far richer two weeks later. That was more luck, but bad luck. If, I argued, it takes years to learn less about these matters than one knows who knows nothing about them I am better off out of it. That is why I quit. —C. R. S.

A Little Dip into the Sugar Bowl

ABOUT fifteen months ago I needed money—needed it badly. I had obligated myself to take over a property costing several thousand dollars and had about fifteen hundred with which to finance the deal. Twenty-five hundred was required, however, and I was depending on the settling of an estate for the additional thousand. But, about six weeks before the date upon which I had agreed to make settlement, I received word that complications had arisen which would indefinitely postpone the settling of the estate, and I, therefore, found myself in a very awkward position. I had paid five hundred dollars "down money," and unless I could raise a thousand dollars inside of six weeks I stood to lose the five hundred and the property as well.

After unavailing efforts in several directions I turned to the stock market. With no knowledge other than a careful investigation of the prices at which the leading stocks had sold for several years past, I selected "Sugar" as being less erratic than some and because it seemed to be selling quite a distance below its high-water price. I bought one hundred shares and put up my fifteen hundred as margin.

Immediately the price began to go down. From 131 it went to 130, to 128, to 126, to 124—at this point I received a call from the brokers for more margin. How I raised the money I don't know; where before it had seemed impossible to produce a thousand, now—with the ever-present dread of losing all I had—I managed to secure it. Two fifty from one friend, a hundred from another, two hundred from a third, fifty from a fourth—at last (and inside of twenty four hours) I had it. Incidentally, I never again want to live through another day like that one—the rebuffs, the cold turndowns from supposed warm friends, the begging for loans, and, all the time, the market going down, *down*, *down*, gave me, I believe, the few gray hairs I have.

On the day of the panic—last March a year ago—Sugar touched 114, and I had given up all hope and had nerved myself to see my friends' money, my own and the property disappear; but the next morning brought a change and my hope once more rose. I managed to secure an extension of time of the date of purchase, and waited, hoping against hope, *not* that I could *make* some money, but that I might at least come out with a fairly whole skin. When the price had crawled up to 122 I sold. I dared hold on no longer, and I had to take the property or forfeit my five hundred dollars.

In all I lost about a thousand. I managed to place a second mortgage on the place for a thousand, and although my debts had increased by the thousand I owed my friends, and although the place was mortgaged for a thousand more than I had expected, I breathed calmly once more and swore "never again." Since then "Sugar" has been down as low as 94. Had I held on I would indeed have been insolvent.

I am convinced that if a person will buy any leading industrial or railroad stock, with the exception of a few entirely speculative issues—being careful to buy one that is and has been for some time past paying dividends, and being sure to buy at a price twenty to twenty-five per cent. below its high-water mark made during the preceding two or three years, and further, and most important of all, being sure to pay at least seventy-five per cent. of its value in cash, leaving but twenty-five per cent. on "margin"—the chances are ten to one that he will not lose. He may have to wait a year, maybe two years, but he will not lose in the end.

On the other hand, a small margin, even a large one on some stocks, spells ultimate ruin. I have had my lesson, I have learned it, I am glad it was no worse. —R. B.

The Road to Nervous Prostration

IN 1895 I was introduced to the speculating mania. Before this I had always been a staid and thrifty wage-worker, depositing from my thirty-five dollars a week in two building associations, and with the accumulation buying some good municipal bond. Then the example of those around me induced me to invest in Cripple Creek stocks. It was the song of the Siren—to buy stocks for a few cents a share and see them climb higher and higher, to a dollar or more at times. That program looked good to me, so I tried it with the usual ups and downs, alternating between hope and despondency. But this was only the beginning of the road to nervous prostration.

A few days after McKinley's election, November, 1896, I finally summoned up enough courage to try the New York stock market. I bought fifty shares L. & N., depositing three per cent. margin. The broker who took my order—a gentleman of the old school he was, by the way—shook his head wisely. Nevertheless, I more than doubled my money in a day or two. That was the proverbial beginner's luck. It led me on from a few small successes to some horrible mistakes. Also it led me into the Chicago wheat pit.

I shall never forget the day when two hundred shares of Burlington, that I had sold short, went against me ten points. That meant two thousand dollars. I was notified to protect my margin. I walked down the street in a dazed condition to the broker's office. On his friendly advice to close out I nodded my head. Then I sank down into a chair in a miserable heap and cried like a baby. The wrongness of it all dawned upon me. I had used money of my mother's that had been intrusted to my care. The thought of that made my misery worse. Well, by strict and rigid economy I got out of this tangle and made a firm resolution never to speculate again, which I have kept to this day.

There is a fascination in margin speculation that lifts one right off his feet. Reason, discrimination and sense of proportion, all go overboard! What's worse, you can't distinguish right from wrong any more. Only the dollar looks true and right. The ethical nature of the person that speculates like I did is completely undermined, his mental vision is so distorted that, finally, only that looks right which brings the profit his way.

The pillars of the Stock Exchange talk solemnly about speculation being a basic element of all business. It is a piece of sophistry to call the risk and uncertainty of things mundane by the name of speculation, and to deduce from that that speculation is right. But the kind I was in and which is fostered by the Exchange along with the so-called legitimate kind is not right, and there should be some way of ending it. —O. M.

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER XVII

SOME minutes later, on the northward speeding train, he left Portlaw playing solitaire in their own compartment, and, crossing the swaying corridor, entered the stateroom opposite. Miss Wilming was there, reading a novel, an enormous bunch of roses, a box of bonbons and a tiny kitten on the table before her. The kitten was so young that it was shaky on its legs, and it wore very wide eyes and a blue bow.

"Hello, Dolly," he said pleasantly. She answered rather faintly.

"What a voice—like the peep of an infant sparrow! Are you worrying?"

"A little."

"You needn't be. Alphonse will make a noise, of course, but you needn't mind that. The main thing in life is to know what you want to do and do it. Which I've never yet done in my life. Zut! Flute!—as our late Count Alphonse might say. And he'll say other remarks when he finds you've gone, Dolly." And Malcourt, who was a mimic, shrugged and raised his arms in Gallic appeal to the gods of wrath, until he mouthed his face into a startling resemblance to that of the bereft nobleman.

Then he laughed a little—not very heartily; then, in a more familiar rôle, he sat down opposite the girl and held up one finger of admonition and consolation.

"The main thing, Dolly, was to get clear of him—and all that silly business. Yes? No? Bon! . . . And now everything is cleared up between us, and I've told you what I'd do—if you really wanted a chance. I believe in chances for people."

The girl, who was young, buried her delicate face in the roses and looked at him. The kitten, balanced on tiny, wavering legs, stared hard at him, too. He looked from girl to kitten, conscious of the resemblances, and managed to smother a smile.

"You said," he repeated severely, "that you wanted a chance. I told you what I could and would do: see that you live and dress decently, stand for your musical, dramatic, athletic and terpsichorean education and druling—but not for one atom of nonsense. Is that clear?"

She nodded.

"Not one break: not one escapade, Dolly. It's up to you."

"I know it."

"All right, then. What's passed doesn't count. You start in and see what you can do. They say they drag one about by the hair at those dramatic schools. If they do, you've got to let 'em. Anyway, things ought to come easier to you than to some, for you've got a corking education, and you don't drink sloe-gin and you don't smoke."

"And I *can* cook," added the girl gravely, looking at her childish, ringless hands. The rings and a number of other details had been left behind addressed to the count.

"The trouble will be," said Malcourt, "that you will miss the brightness and frivolity of things. That kitten won't compensate."

"Do you think so? I haven't had very much of anything—even kittens," she said, picking up the soft ball of fur and holding it under her chin.

"You missed the frivolous in life even before you had it. You'll miss it again, too."

"But I've had it now."

"That doesn't count. The capacity for frivolity is always there. You are reconciled just now to other things; that man is a beast, all right. Oh, yes, this is reaction, Dolly. The idea is to hang on to this conservatism when it becomes stupid and irksome; when you're tired and discouraged, and when you want to be amused and be in bright, attractive places, and when you're lonesome ——"

"Lonesome?"

"Certainly you'll be lonesome if you're good."

"Am I not to see you?"

"I'll be in the backwoods working for a living ——"

"Yes, but when you come to New York?"

"Sure thing."

"Often?"

"As often as it's advisable," he said pleasantly. "I want you to make friends at school; I want you to have lots of them. A bachelor girl has got to have 'em. . . . It's on your account and theirs that I don't intend to have anybody make any mistake about me. . . . Therefore, I'll come to see you when you've a friend or two present. It's fairer to you. *Now* do you understand me, Dolly?"

"Yes."

"Is it agreeable?"

He Heard the Ocean Very Far Away Washing the Body of a Young World Dead to Him Forever

"Yes." And, flushing: "But I did not mistake you, Louis, and there is no reason not to come, even if I am alone."

He laughed, lighted a cigarette, and stroked the kitten.

"It's an amusing experiment, anyway," he said.

"Have you never tried it before?"

"Oh, yes, several times."

"Were the several times successes?"

"Not one!" he said, laughing. "It's up to you, Dolly, to prove me a bigger ass than I have been yet—or the reverse."

"It lies with me?" she asked.

"Certainly. Have I ever made love to you?"

"No."

"Ever even kissed you?"

"No."

"Ever been a brute?"

"No . . . You are not careful in speaking to me sometimes. Once—at the club—when Mr. Hamil ——"

"I *was* brutal. I know it. Do you want my respect?"

"Y-es."

"Earn it," he said dryly.

The girl leaned back in her corner, flushed, silent, thoughtful; and sometimes her eyes were fixed on vacancy, sometimes on him where he sat in the opposite seat staring out into the blurred darkness at the red eye of the beacon on Jupiter Light, which turned flaring, turned again, dwindling to a spark, and went out.

"Of what are you thinking?" she asked, noticing his frown.

He did not reply; he was thinking of Shiela Cardross. And, frowning, he picked up the kitten, very gently, and flattered it until it purred.

"It's about as big as a minute," said the girl, softly touching the tiny head.

"There *are* minutes as big as elephants, too," he said, amused. "Nice pussy!" The kitten, concurring in these sentiments, purred with pleasure.

A little later he sauntered back to his own compartment, and, taking out a memorandum, made some figures.

"Is that girl aboard?" asked Portlaw, looking up from the table, his fat hands full of cards.

"Yes, I believe so."

"Well, that's a deuce of a thing to do."

"What?"—absently.

"What! Why, to travel about the country with the nucleus of a theatrical troupe on your hands ——"

"She wanted another chance. Few get it."

"Very well, son, if you think you can afford to endow a home for the frivolously erring! And the chances are, she'll turn on you and scratch."

"Yes—the chances favor that."

"She won't understand it; that sort never understands decency in a man."

"Do you think it might damage my reputation to be misunderstood?" sneered Malcourt. "I've taken a notion to give her a chance and I'm going to do it."

Portlaw spread out his first row of cards. "You know what everybody will think, I suppose."

Malcourt yawned.

Presently Portlaw began in a babyish, irritated voice: "I've buried the deuce and tray of diamonds, and blocked myself ——"

"Oh, *shut* up!" said Malcourt, who was hastily scribbling a letter to Virginia Suydam.

He did not post it, however, until he reached New York, being very forgetful and busy in taking money away from the exasperated Portlaw through the medium of double dummy. Also he had a girl, a kitten and other details to look after, and several matters to think over. So Virginia's letter waited.

Virginia waited, too. She had several headaches to keep inquiring friends at a distance, for her eyes were inclined to redness in those days, and she developed a pronounced taste for the solitude of the chapel and churchly things.

So when at length the letter arrived, Miss Suydam made for the beach: for it was her natural instinct to be alone with Malcourt, and the instinct unconsciously included even his memory.

Her maid was packing; Constance Palliser's maid was also up to her chin in lingerie, and Constance hovered in the vicinity. So there was no privacy there, and that was the reason Virginia evaded them, side-stepped Gussie Vetchen at the desk, eluded old Classon in the palm room, and fled like a ghost through the empty corridors, as though the deuce were at her heels instead of in her heart.

The heart of Virginia was cutting up. Alone in the corridors she furtively glanced at the letter, kissed the edge of the envelope, rolled and tucked it away in her glove, and continued her flight in search of solitude.

The vast hotel seemed lonely enough, but it evidently was too populous to suit Miss Suydam. Yet few guests remained, and the larger caravansary was scheduled to close in another day or two, the residue population to be transferred to "The Breakers."

The day was piping hot, but magnificent; corridor, piazza, colonnade and garden were empty of life, except for a listless negro servant dawdling here and there. Virginia managed to find a wheel-chair under the colonnade and a fat, black boy at the chair-stand to propel it; and with her letter hidden in her glove and her heart racing, she seated herself, parasol tilted, chin in the air, and the chair rolled noiselessly away through the dazzling sunshine of the gardens.

On the beach some bare-legged children were wading in the surf's bubbling ebb, hunting for king-crabs; an old black mammy, wearing apron and scarlet turban, sat luxuriously in the burning sand, watching her thin-legged charges and cooking the "misery" out of her aged bones. Virginia could see nobody else, except a distant swimmer beyond the raft, capped with a scarlet kerchief. This was not solitude, but it must do.

So she dismissed her chair-boy and strolled out under the pier. And, as nobody was there to interrupt her, she

sat down in the sand and opened her letter with fingers that seemed absurdly helpless and unsteady.

"On the train near Jupiter Light," it was headed, and presently continued:

I am trying to be unselfishly honest with you to see how it feels. First—about my loving anybody. I never have; I have on several occasions been prepared to bestow heart and hand—been capable of doing it—and something happened every time. On one of these receptive occasions the thing that happened put me permanently out of business. I'll tell you about that later.

What I want to say is that the reason I don't love you is not because I can't, but because I won't! You don't understand that. Let me try to explain. I've always had the capacity for really loving some woman. I was more or less lonely and shy as a child and had few playmates—very few girls of my age. I adored those I knew—but—well, I was not considered to be a very desirable playmate by those parents who knew the Malcourt history.

One family was nice to me—some of them. I usually cared a great deal for anybody who was nice to me.

The point of all this biography is that I'm usually somewhat absurdly touched by the friendship of an attractive woman of my own sort—or, rather, of the sort I might have been. That is my attitude toward you; you are amiable to me; I like you.

Now, why am I not in love with you? I've told you that it's because I will not let myself be in love with you. Why?

Dear—it's just because you *have* been nice to me. Do you understand? No, you don't. Then—to go back to what I spoke of—I am not free to marry. I am married. Now you know. And there's no way out of it that I can see.

If I were in love with you I'd simply take you. I am only your friend—and I can't do you that injury. Curious, isn't it, how such a blackguard as I am can be so fastidious!

But that's the truth. And that, too, may explain a number of other matters.

So you see how it is, dear. The world *is* full of a number of things. One of them signs himself your friend,

LOUIS MALCOURT.

Virginia's eyes remained on the written page long after she had finished reading. They closed once or twice, opened again, blue-green, expressionless. Looking aloft after a while she tried to comprehend that the sky was still overhead; but it seemed to be a tricky, unsteady, unfamiliar sky, wavering, crawling across space like the wrinkled sea beneath it. Confused, she turned, peering about; the beach, too, was becoming unstable; and, peering through the sudden rushing darkness that obscured things, she tried to rise, then dropped full length along the sand.

A few seconds later—or perhaps minutes, or perhaps hours—she found herself seated perfectly conscious, mechanically drying the sea-water from her wet face; while beside her knelt a red-capped figure in wet bathing-dress, both hands brimming with sea-water, which ran slowly between the delicate fingers and fell, sparkling.

"Do you feel better?" asked Shiela gently.

"Yes," she said, perfectly conscious and vaguely surprised. Presently she looked down at her skirts, groped about, turned, searching with outstretched fingers. Then her eyes fell on the letter. It lay on the sand beside her sunshade, carefully weighted with a shell.

Neither she nor the girl beside her spoke. Virginia adjusted her hat and veil, sat motionless for a few moments, then picked up the water-stained letter, and, rolling it, placed it in her wet glove. A slow flame burned in her pallid cheeks; her eyes remained downcast.

Shiela said with quick sympathy: "I never fainted in my life. Is it painful?"

"No—it's only rather horrid. . . . I had been walking in the sun. It is very hot on the beach, I think; don't you?"

"Very," said the girl gravely.

Virginia, head still bent, was touching her wet lace waist with her wetter gloves.

"It was very good of you," she said, in a low voice—"and quite stupid of me."

Shiela straightened to her full height and stood gravely watching the sea-water trickle from her joined palms. When the last shining drop had fallen she looked questioningly at Miss Suydam.

"I'm a little tired, that is all," said Virginia. She rose rather unsteadily and took advantage of Shiela's firm young arm, which, as they progressed, finally slipped around Miss Suydam's waist.

Very slowly they crossed the burning sands together, scarcely exchanging a word until they reached the Cardross pavilion.

"If you'll wait until I have my shower I'll take you back in my chair," said Shiela. "Come into my own dressing-room; there's a lounge."

Virginia, white and haggard, seated herself, leaning back languidly against the wall, and closing her heavy eyes. They opened again when Shiela came back from the shower, knotting in the girdle of her snowy bath-robe, and seated herself while her maid unloosed the thick hair and rubbed it till the brown-gold lustre came out like little gleams of sunlight, and the ends of the burnished tresses crisped and curled up on the smooth, young shoulders of snow and rose.

Virginia's lips began to quiver; she was fairly flinching now under the pitiless contrast, fascinated yet shrinking from the splendid young creature before her, resting there aglow in all the vigorous beauty of untainted health.

And from the mirror reflected, the clear eyes smiled back at her, seeming to sear her very soul with their untarnished loveliness.

"Suppose you come and lunch with me?" said Shiela. "I happen to be quite alone. My maid is very glad to do anything for you. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Virginia faintly.

An hour later they had luncheon together in the jasmine arbor; and after that Virginia lay in the hammock under the orange trees, very still, very tired, glad of the silence, and of the soft, cool hand which covered hers so lightly, and, at rare intervals, pressed hers more lightly still.

Shiela, elbow on knee, one arm across the hammock's edge, chin cupped in her other palm, sat staring at vacancy beside the hammock where Virginia lay. And sometimes her partly doubled fingers indented her red lower lip, sometimes they half framed the oval face, as she sat lost in thought beside the hammock where Virginia lay so pale and still.

Musing there in the dappled light, already linked together by that subtle sympathy which lies in silence and in a common need of it, they scarcely stirred save when Shiela's fingers closed almost imperceptibly on Virginia's hand, and Virginia's eyelids quivered in vague response.

In youth, sadness and silence are near akin. That was the only kinship they could claim—this slim, pale scion of a worn-out line, and the nameless, parentless girl beside her. This kinship was their only bond—unadmitted, uncomprehended by themselves; kinship in love, and the sadness of it; in love, and the loneliness of it; love, and the long hours of waiting; night, and the tears of it.

The sun hung low behind the scented orange grove before Virginia moved, laying her thin cheek on Shiela's hand.

"Did you see—that letter—in the sand?" she whispered.

"Yes."

"The writing—you knew it? . . . Answer me, Shiela."

"Yes, I knew it."

Virginia lay very still for a while, then covered her face with both hands.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" breathed Shiela, bending close beside her.

Virginia lay motionless for a moment, then uncovered her face.

"It is strange," she said, in a colorless, almost inaudible voice. "You see I am simply helpless—dependent on your mercy. . . . Because a woman does not faint over—nothing."

The deep distress in Shiela's eyes held her silent for a space. She looked back at her, then her brooding gaze shifted to the laden branches overhead, to the leafy vistas beyond, to the ground where the golden fruit lay burning in the red, level rays of the western sun.

"I did not know he was married," she said vacantly.

Swift anger burned in Shiela's cheeks.

"He was a coward not to tell you ——"

"He was honorable about it," said Virginia, in the same monotonous voice. "Do you think I am shameless to admit it? Perhaps I am, but it is fairer to him. As you know this much, you should know the truth. And the truth is that he has never said he loved me."

Her face had become pinched and ghastly, but her mouth never quivered under this final humiliation.

"Did you ever look upon a more brazen and defenseless woman," she began, and then very quietly and tearlessly broke down in Shiela's tender arms, face hidden on the young girl's breast.

And Shiela's heart responded passionately; but all she could find to say was: "Dear—I know—indeed, indeed I know—believe me I know and understand!" And all she could do was to gather the humbled woman into her arms until, her grief dry-spent, Virginia raised her head and looked at Shiela with strange, quenched, tearless eyes.

"We women are very helpless, very ignorant," she said, "even the worst of us. And I doubt if in all our lives we are capable of the harm that one man refrains from doing for an hour. . . . And that, I think, is our only compensation. . . . What theirs may be I do not know. . . . Dear, I am perfectly able to go now. . . . I think I see your mother coming."

They walked together to the terrace where Mrs. Cardross had just arrived in the motor; and Shiela, herself shaken, wondered at the serene poise with which Virginia sustained ten minutes of commonplaces and then made her final adieus, saying that she was leaving on the morning train.

"May we not see each other in town?" she added amiably; and, to Shiela: "You will let me know when you come North? I shall miss you until you come."

Mrs. Cardross sent her back in the motor, a trifle surprised at any intimacy between Shiela and Virginia. She asked a frank question or two and then retired to write to Mrs. Carrick, who, uneasy, had at last gone North to find out what financial troubles were keeping both her husband and her father so long away from this southland that they loved so well.

Hamil, who was to leave for the North with his aunt and Virginia early next morning, returned from the forest about sundown, reeking as usual of the saddle, and rested a moment against the terrace balustrade watching Mrs. Cardross and Shiela over their tea.

"That boy is actually ill," said the sympathetic matron. "Why don't you give him some tea, Shiela? Or would you rather have a little wine and a biscuit, Garret ——"

"And a few pills," added Shiela gravely. "I found a box of odds and ends—powders, pills, tablets—which he might as well finish ——"

"Shiela! Garret is *ill!*"

Hamil, busy with his Madeira and biscuit, laughed. He could not realize he was on the eve of leaving, nor could Shiela.

"Never," said he to the anxious lady, "have I felt better in my life; and I'm sure it is due to your medicines. It's all very well for Shiela to laugh at quinine; mosquitoes don't sting her. But I'd probably be an item in one of those phosphate beds by this time if you hadn't taken care of me."

Shiela laughed; Hamil in excellent humor went off to dress. Everybody seemed to be in particularly good spirits that evening, but later, after dinner, Gray spoke complainingly of the continued absence of his father.

"As for Acton Carrick, he's the limit," added Gray disgustedly. "He hasn't been here this winter except for a day or two, and then he took the train from Miami straight through to New York. I say, Hamil, you'll look him up and write us about him, won't you?"

Shiela looked at Hamil.

"Do you understand anything about financial troubles?" she asked in a bantering voice.

"I've had some experience with my own," he said.

"Well, then, what is the matter with the market?"

"Shall I whisper it?"

"If you are prepared to rhyme it. I dare you!"

It was the rule of the house that anybody was privileged to whisper at table provided they put what they had to communicate into rhyme.

So he thought busily a moment, then leaned over very gravely and whispered close to her ear:

"'Tis money makes the market go;
When money's high the market's low;
When money's low the market's right,
And speculators sleep at night.
But, dear, there is another mart,
Where ticks the ticker called my heart;
And there exhaustless funds await,
To back my bankrupt trust in Fate;
For you will find, as I have found,
The old, old logic yet is sound,
And love still makes the world go round."

"I always knew it," said Shiela contemptuously.

"Knew what, dear?" asked her mother, amused.

"That Mr. Hamil writes those sickening mottoes for Christmas crackers."

"There are pretty ones in them—sometimes," said Cecile, reminiscently spearing a big red strawberry which resembled the popular and conventional conception of a fat human heart.

Gray, still serious, said: "Unless we are outside of the danger zone I think father ought to teach me something about business."

"If we blow up," observed Cecile, "I'll do clever monologues and support everybody. I'd like that. And Shiela already writes poetry ——"

"Nonsense!" said Shiela, very pink.

"Shiela! You *do!*"

"I did in school"—turning pinker under Hamil's tormenting gaze.

"And you do yet! I found an attempt on the floor—in your flowing penmanship," continued the pitiless younger sister. "What is there to blush about? Of course, Phil and I were not low enough to read it, but I'll bet it was about somebody we all know! Do you want to bet, Garry?"

"Cecile!" said her mother mildly.

"Yes, mother; I forgot that I'm not allowed to bet, but if I were ——"

Shiela, exasperated, looked at her mother, who shook her head and rose from the table, taking Hamil's arm.

"You little imp!" breathed Shiela fiercely to Cecile, "if you plague me again I'll inform Mr. Hamil of what happened to you this morning."

"I don't care; Garry is part of the family," retorted Cecile, flushed but defiant and not exactly daring to add: "or will be soon." Then she put both arms around Shiela, and holding her imprisoned:

"*Are* you in love?—you darling!" she whispered persuasively. "Oh, don't commit yourself if you feel *that* way! . . . And oh, Shiela, you should have seen Phil Gatewood following me in love-smitten hops when I wouldn't listen! My dear, the creature managed to plant

both feet on my gown as I fled, and the parquet is so slippery and the gown so flimsy and, oh, there was a dreadful ripping sound and we both went down ——"

Shiela was laughing now, holding her sister's gesticulating hands as she rattled on excitedly

"I got to my feet in a blaze of fury, holding my gown on with both hands ——"

"Cissy!"

"And he gave one horror-stricken look and ran ——"

Swaying there together in the deserted dining-room they gave way to uncontrolled laughter. Laughter rang out from the living-room, too, where Gray was informing Mrs. Cardross and Hamil of the untoward climax to a springtime wooing; and when Shiela and Cecile came in the latter looked suspiciously at Hamil, requesting to know the reason of his mirth.

"Somebody will have to whisper it to you in rhyme," said Hamil; "it's not fit for prose, Cissy."

Mrs. Cardross retired early. Gray went for a spin in his motor. Cecile, mischievously persuaded that Hamil desired to have Shiela to himself for half an hour, stifled her yawns and bedward inclinations and remained primly near them until Gray returned.

Then the four played innocuous bridge whist until Cecile's yawns could no longer be disguised; and, finally, Gray rose in disgust when she ignored the heart-convention and led him an unlovely spade.

"How many kinds of a chump can you be in one day?" asked her wrathful brother.

"*Pons longus, vita brevis*," observed Hamil, intensely amused. "Don't sit on her, Gray."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said Cecile calmly, "I'd rather be stepped on again than sat on like that!"

"You're a sweet little thing, anyway," said Hamil, "even if you do fall down in bridge as well as otherwise ——"

"Shiela! You told Garret!"

"Cunning child," said Hamil; "make her dance the baby-dance, Shiela!"

And he and her sister and brother seized her unwilling hands and compelled her to turn round and round, while they chanted in unison:

"*Cissy's Bridge is falling down,*
Falling down,
Falling down,
Cissy's gown is falling down,
My
Fair
Lady!"

"Garry, stop it! . . . It's only an excuse to hold Shiela's hand ——"

But Shiela recited very gravely:

"*Father's in Manhattan town,*
Hunting up our money;
Philip's in the music-room,
Calling Cis his honey;
Cissy's sprinting through the hall,
Trying to be funny ——"

"I *won't* dance!" cried Cecile.

But they sang insultingly:

"*Rock-a-by Cissy!*
Philip WILL *stop!*
Cissy is angry,
For Philip won't stop."

"*If dresses are stepped upon,*
Something will fall,
Down will come petticoat, Cissy, and all!"

"Oh, Garry, how *can* you!"

"Because you've been too gay lately; you're marked for discipline, young lady!"

"Who told you? Shiela?—and it *was* my newest, dearest duck of a gown! . . . The situation was perfectly horrid, too. What elephants men are!"

"You know, I'd accept him if I were you—just to teach him the value of gowns," suggested Hamil.

But Shiela said seriously: "Phil Gatewood is a nice boy. We all knew that he was going to ask you. You acted like a ninny, Cis."

"With my gown half off!—what would *you* have done?" demanded the girl hotly.

"Destroyed him," admitted Shiela, "in one way or another, dear. And now I am going to bed—if everybody has had enough of Cissy's Bridge ——"

"Me for the hay," observed Gray emphatically.

So they all went up the stairway together, lingering for a few moments on the landing to say good-night to one another.

She Cringed Lower, Aghast, Swaying Under the Menace, Then Fell Prone

Cecile retired first, bewailing the humiliation of not having a maid of her own and requesting Shiela to send hers, as she was too sleepy to undress.

Gray caught sight of a moth fluttering around the electric lights and made considerable noise securing the specimen. After which he also retired, cyanide jar containing the victim tucked under his arm.

CHAPTER XVIII

SHIELA, standing by the lamplit table and resting one slim hand on the edge of it, waited for Hamil to give the signal for separation.

Instead he said: "Are you really sleepy?"

"No."

"Then ——"

"I dare not—to-night."

"For any particular reason?"

"For a thousand. . . . One is that I simply can't believe you are really going North to-morrow. Why do you?" She had asked it nearly a thousand times.

"I've simply got to begin Portlaw's park; and, besides, my work here is over ——"

"Is that all you care about me? Oh, you are truly like the real Ulysses·

"*Now toils the hero, trees on trees o'erthrown*
Fall crackling round him, and the forests groan!

Do you remember, in The Odyssey, when poor Calypso begs him to remain?

"*Thus spoke Calypso to her godlike guest:*
'This shows thee, friend, by old experience taught,
And learn'd in all the wiles of human thought,
How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wise!
Thus wilt thou leave me? Are we thus to part?
Is Portlaw's Park the passion of thy heart?'"

Laughing, he answered in the Grecian verse:

"*Whate'er the gods shall destine me to bear,*
'Tis mine to master with a constant mind;
Inured to peril, to the worst resigned,
Still I can suffer; their high will be done."

From the soft oval of her face the smile faded, but her voice was still carelessly gay.

"And so he went away. But, concerning his nymph, Calypso, further Homer sayeth not. Yet—in the immortal verse you will remember that it chanced to be he, not she, who was—was—married. . . . And I think I'll retire now—that is, if—if you have nothing more agreeable to say to me ——"

"I have; in the garden ——"

"No, I dare not risk it to-night. The guards are about ——"

"It is my last night here ——"

"We will see each other very soon in New York. And I'll be up in the morning to drive you to the station ——"

"But, Shiela ——"

"There was a bad nigger hanging around the groves last night and our patrols are out. . . . No, it's too risky. Besides ——"

"Besides—what?"

"I've been thinking."

He said, tenderly impatient:

"You little witch of Ogygia, come into the *patio*, then, and do your thinking and let me make love to you."

But she would not raise her eyes, standing there in the rose lamplight, the perverse smile still edging her lips.

"Calypso," he repeated persuasively.

"No. . . . Besides, I have nothing to offer you, Ulysses. . . . You remember what the real Calypso offered the real Ulysses if he'd remain with her in Ogygia?"

"Eternal youth and love?" He bent over the table, moving his hand to cover hers where it rested in the lamplight. "You have given me eternity in love already," he said.

"Have I?" But she would not lift her eyes. . . . "Then why make love to me if you have it ready-made for you?"

"Will you come?"

And she, quoting The Odyssey again:

"*Swear, then, thou mean'st not what my soul forebodes;*
Swear by the solemn oath that binds the gods!"

And in turn he quoted:

"*Loved and adored, O goddess, as thou art,*
Forgive the weakness of a human heart."

But she said with gay audacity: "I have nothing to forgive you—yet."

"Are you challenging me? Because I am likely to take you into my arms at any moment if you are."

"Not *here*—Garry!" looking up in quick concern, for his recklessness at times dismayed her. Considering him doubtfully, she made up her mind that she was safe, and her little chin went up in defiance.

"The hammock's in the *patio*," he said.

"There's moonlight there, too. No, thank you—with Cissy wakeful and her windows commanding every nook! . . . Besides, as I told you, I've been thinking."

"And what have you concluded?"

Delicate straight nose in the air, eyebrows arched in airy disdain, she stood preoccupied with some little inward train of thought that alternately made grave and gay the upcurled corners of her lips.

"About this question of—ah—love-making ——" dropping her eyes in pretense of humility.

"It is no longer a question, you know."

She would not look up; her lashes seemed to rest on the bloom of the rounded cheek as though the lids were shut,

(Continued on Page 24)

Blackie: A Texas Night Horse

By GEORGE PATTULLO

HIS first distinct impression of life was that it was a hard world. This impression was conveyed to him through his hoofs, which were excruciatingly tender. He had lurched and sagged and finally scrambled to his feet, where he swayed uncertainly, his long, gawky legs thrust forward and quivering. For it was a toss-up whether he would collapse or make a start in life. His mother was regarding him with big, soft eyes, and she rubbed him gently with her nose, niggering reassuringly as she felt Blackie tremble.

Suddenly it dawned upon the colt that he was hungry. He had fed before, but he did not know that. The desire for food appeared to vitalize his legs, which had not yet learned their functions. They found themselves—jerkily, awkwardly, it is true, but they carried him a few steps and held him up, as, with feet spread wide apart, he fed. His mother niggered again, proudly and in content.

Blackie was just twenty-four hours old. He was born behind a wind-break on the northeast range, in a little gully protected by a bluff. Thither his mother came when she knew her hour was approaching, obeying the instinct of her kind and the law of the herd. The score of mares and colts scarcely noticed her departure. Led by the stallion, they went grazing some miles to the southward, for such is the strength of custom that conformance with it is inherited and needs no teaching. The young colts, which had never before seen one of their number move off with any definite purpose without being rounded up by the leader, showed no curiosity. They felt instinctively that it was fitting.

Blackie was a strong, likely little rascal. When his mother worked him over by easy stages next day to rejoin the band he was already feeling the joy of living. His hoofs had hardened amazingly. Fortunately their way led over good grazing land, where the mesquite grass grew close and curly, for had that first journey lain across the brakes the youngster would have fared ill. As it was he stubbed his toes several times and trod tenderly. His mother walked with sober care, herself not fully recovered from the ordeal of Blackie's advent into the world, and solicitous of him.

It cannot be said that the colt's appearance in the bunch caused any unwonted stir. The two came upon them some four hours' grazing from water, and Blackie crept close to his mother as they neared the scattered groups. It was not fear that possessed him, but a certain

He Never Tried any Low-Down Tricks on Him

stallion, beyond lifting his head, took no notice. It was a mares' row and beneath his attention so long as none of them was hurt.

Blackie could never understand his mother's viewpoint. He was sure these gentle-eyed creatures meant well by him, yet if one chanced to pass too close or offered the slightest suggestion of a caress his mother lost her temper completely and broke up the peace of the whole family. There were other colts in the band, half a dozen of them, but they were older, and by his mother's advice Blackie avoided their play. There was wisdom in this, he knew, for on the day after his arrival a frisky youngster made overtures of friendship, and when Blackie eagerly responded the other let fly with his heels. It was by the merest good luck, for he was still too ungainly to dodge, that the newly-born was not laid out.

But the weeks flew by and the colt grew amazingly. Always he kept away from his father. That august one herded the band with far more solicitude than any human proprietor would dream of displaying. Nothing could approach without the stallion scenting it and giving warning, and if he suspected danger he would call his band together and lead them off. Often in gathering them in a compact body when he considered haste imperative, he would nip with his teeth until the mares plunged with pain; but he meant well and he never used his hoofs on them.

At night the herd came within easy reach of one another for rest, the stallion on sentry. It was late autumn and the air was growing chilly, so Blackie always lay close up to his mother. He was a sturdy youngster now, who romped the whole day through and could take part in the rough frolics of his half-brothers. Consequently he was ready for darkness when it fell, and he slept well. But one night he was on his feet in the fraction of a second, and wide awake, aquake with mortal fear. A long, shivering cry went tingling to the stars, ending in a wail that seemed of another world.

"Loafers," grunted the stallion, sniffing the air.

"Loboes!" whispered his mother, who had too long associated with Mexicans in her youth and could never forget their lingo.

Some of the colts and younger mares whinnied with fright and seemed on the point of dashing away into the dark to escape.

"Back!" shrilled the leader, making a furious rush. "Back-in close!"

And he herded the bunch with swift precision, his businesslike air doing much to still their panic. If Blackie had not been so occupied with his own terror he would probably have marveled that the band should take the approach of the wolves as calmly as they did. They were grouped in a circle, he and the other colts in the hollow of it, the stallion, geldings and mares close up, with their heels toward the foe.

Three big, gray wolves crept slinkingly around a clump of mesquite trees and sat down on their haunches to take stock of the situation. They were loafers, all right. Only loafers would have thought of attacking so formidable a band of horses, for the coyote prefers the calves, which do not know how to deal with the swift leap for the nose; and, being a coward, he would rather go for the herd in the spring when the calves are young. But a loafer is another proposition. He can hamstring a steer with one slashing rush, and he has courage enough to tackle, even when it means a fight.

The colt never forgot that vigil. It is true that a fit of trembling would shake the grown-ups from time to time, but there was no apparent desire to stampede, and no great alarm. After a cursory observation the loafers separated. They began circling the herd without a sound, narrowing the spiral gradually, from time to time disappearing behind a clump or a mesquite tree, or an elevation in the ground that seemed nothing but a shadow. In spite of the stars it was very dark, and there was a shimmering in the air that made objects deceptive.

"Ugh!" grunted the old mare.

Blackie saw her head go down as she lashed out with her heels. A snarl of pain and baffled rage followed the thud of her hoofs on flesh. One of the loafers had run in, leaping out of the black like a streak of gray light from where no object had shown before; but the mare sensed his coming. His spring carried him in close before she caught him or he would have paid with his life then and there. As it was he was cast back gasping, bruised, torn, half dead. It did not need the telltale crack to inform the stallion that one foe was out of the combat. He lifted his voice warningly against breaking ranks to trample the wounded lobo.

The luckless assailant slunk painfully away. The earth seemed to swallow him. His two companions held a brief council, then continued their circling, but it was plain they had no heart for the work, however hunger might drive. Twice they made feints to dart in. Twice a pair of heels flew out; and they fell back, discouraged. Once more they consulted. It ended in their vanishing without a sound—the merest flicker of the low hindquarters and they were gone. But the band stood prepared for long afterward; and from far away in the south range came to their ears the loafers' hunting-cry, raised once more. The wolves were out for the cattle.

It was two days later that Blackie nearly lost his life ignominiously. He was fooling about a creek to which the bunch had come back after a half-day's grazing, and he strayed away from his mother's side. Each day she allowed him more liberty. It suddenly occurred to him that he could at least approach the edge of this great stretch of water to view the wonders that loomed beyond. He never dreamed of crossing. To be sure, it was only about twenty feet, but Blackie did not know that. He was two months old, so the feat appeared one of unrivaled daring to him. Had he been an observer of even ordinary keenness he might have noticed that the other members of the band gave this particular stretch of bank a wide berth.

It was new ground and he was alone, so he moved gingerly, planting his tiny hoofs with dainty precision. What on earth was the matter with the world to-day? He paused to stare around him doubtfully. Surely it was shifting under him, wavering before his eyes. With lightning comprehension the colt guessed his peril, saw that the sand was already slipping over his fetlocks. Fear made his muscles steel bands. With a plunge and a tug

He Joined the Remuda. There, too, Blackie Met with Trouble

shyness at the proximity of so many of his kind. To his infant eyes they appeared multiplied and magnified a hundredfold.

The colt conceived an immense respect for his father from the outset. That lordly creature lifted his head while yet they were afar off and neighed shrilly. Some answering call the mare gave and, seemingly in obedience to an order, fell to grazing on the extreme outskirts of the area covered by the herd. If the stallion saw his son at all he kept it to himself remarkably well. A son more or less was of little moment to him, anyway. He continued to munch the grass; nor did he evince the slightest further interest in them.

It was different with the mares. As though their search for fresh patches led them in the direction of the colt, they would approach in careless fashion, one by one, nearer and nearer. When quite close they would lift their heads to inspect Blackie. Their glances were kind, so friendly that the little fellow staggered in their direction to snuggle up. Like a flash his mother was aquiver with apprehension. She flew at the nearest mare with a squeal of rage. There ensued a wild scramble and they scattered out of reach, while the old mare gathered her foal close to her with many grumblings and snorts, and fell to scolding him in her own peculiar fashion as she resumed feeding. The

The Puncher Lying on His Back, Unconscious

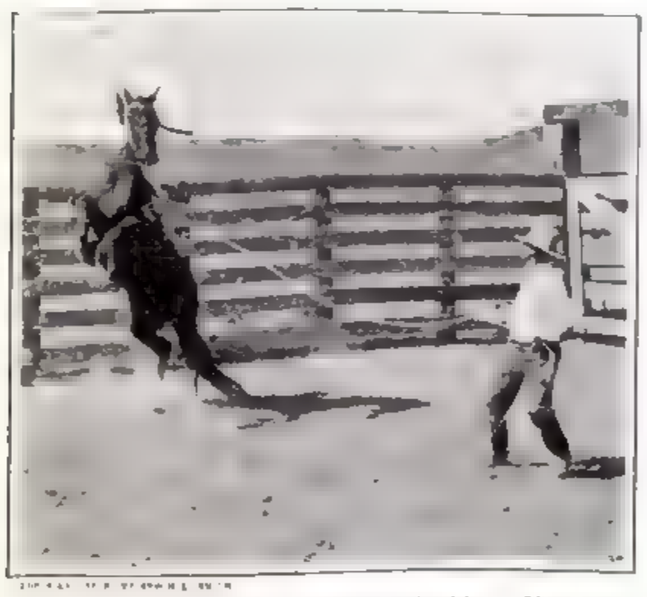
Head Foremost He Went Over the Black's Right Shoulder

and two frantic jumps he was free. Oh, it was good to feel the hard, firm ground under foot again! He raced a hundred yards at top speed before pausing, so real was his terror.

"That was quicksand, child!" remarked his mother sagely, when he narrated the event to her with a certain amount of trimmings. "I reckon you'll know it next time."

Not far from this water was revealed to Blackie the kind of stuff of which his father was made. Never in his short life had the colt imagined that there existed more creatures of his species than those he saw around him. Now his mother could have told him that there were nine or ten other such small herds scattered over the half million acres that made up the ranch, but it was seldom indeed that these range horses met. Each band might graze miles from its special water without meeting another, and it was only at round-up time that they became acquainted.

One crisp October morning, when the tang in the air sent the blood bounding through the colt's veins, the stallion led his bunch down a draw to water. That was the beginning. From the other end of the ravine came a second band of smaller dimensions, led by a superb bay stallion. They saw each other too late to withdraw with dignity, even had they so desired, which they did not. Up went the two regal heads in swift, harsh challenge. There was no holding back, no preliminaries, as is frequently the case



The Blanket Slipped from His Body About His Feet

in such encounters. Little room there was to circle, and both brutes were savage autocrats. The stallions rushed and reared. Blackie's father gripped his antagonist by the neck with his teeth and struck out with his forefeet. His own teeth fastened at the base of his foe's mane, the bay tore and pawed with demoniacal fury. To earth they went, to kick and scramble and rear again. Beyond the challenge, thus far neither had uttered a cry. The two bands drew off from each other to watch apathetically. A few of them trembled.

Such a contest could not last. Suddenly the bay wavered and slipped. Next moment he was down, down on his side with that fiery demon atop, trampling out his life, accompanying each plunge with harsh screams of exultation.

Gamely the bay struggled. Once he got to his feet, but with another squeal Blackie's father drove him to his knees, then prone on the ground. The noise of their combat, with the triumphant squalling of the victor, echoed up and down the draw.

When it was all over Blackie's father abandoned his insane onslaughts on the dead thing there on the bank and rounded up the mares. With many nips he drove his adversary's herd over to his own. He had now twenty-four mares, much more than his share, and a score of geldings and colts. They all went down to water and then to graze, the recruits instantly adapting themselves to the new régime. Later, perhaps, the dead stallion's skeleton would be found, picked clean.

That was the first Blackie knew of death. It scared him, not the fight for he had sometimes lost his temper in gambols with the other colts; and it was not fear, for that, too, he had known more than once. But the battered, inanimate form his father had left so reluctantly, spurning with a last vicious kick, represented an unseen power which he realized was stronger than anything within himself. It gripped his spirit, leaving it strangely shaken. Later he was to know the same dread, but of a living thing.

His coat was becoming thicker and rougher with each day. Already the first chill of winter was in the air, and soon he would need all the covering Nature could provide. With a larger herd the old stallion led them farther afield in their grazing, so it happened one early November day that they fed in the brakes of the northeast range.

That night the leader was strangely restless. Twice he came to his feet like a spring uncoiled, the herd leaping from sleep in response. He put his nose to the wind and breathed long, and the second time he gathered the bunch close. Some of the newcomers were slow in responding, and these he ran at, biting them cruelly. Within two minutes the band, a compact body, was trotting briskly in a southerly direction, toward an open stretch.

It was quite dark and Blackie ran beside his mother, crowding so close that he rubbed against her side. Consequently, he never saw clearly what transpired, but he understood, for all that. They were sweeping by a bluff, an abrupt shelf forming the wall of a narrow ravine they had to thread. The stallion swerved, uttering a snort of warning, but it came too late. A noiseless, tawny thing shot downward like a bolt from Heaven. It passed above Blackie's flank and alighted on the colt which ran on the outskirts, just behind him. There was a rasping snarl, a crunch, and that was all Blackie knew. For now the mad pounding of their flying hoofs drowned all other noises and they were racing for life—anywhere, anywhere to escape that stealthy death. Even his mother appeared to have forgotten him in her fright. The great stallion, so fearless in combat with his kind, ran wildly for safety. How the colt kept up he did not pause to consider. Terror lent him wings. It was only when the bunch, badly blown, reached the open stretch a mile beyond that the leader slowed them down and collected the panic-stricken members. One of the colts, a little buckskin not six months old, was missing.

Blackie's mother told him that the thing which sprang was a panther. He never forgot, nor the maternal advice which accompanied the information—how a horse must be always alert for the panther or mountain lion, which will eat only of fresh meat it has killed and which is fiercest in the autumn, when its young are growing lustily and clamor for food.

But youth soon forgets, and next morning with the coming of dawn Blackie was gamboling about, the fate of his luckless half-brother entirely gone from his mind. As he paused in a sprint he became aware of the approach of two of his kind, grown-ups. Their coming was accompanied by a curious jingling, and, stranger than all else, atop of them were creatures such as the colt had never seen. Who were these who made slaves of his tribe? The fear he had known in gazing on the carcass of his father's victim seized upon him. Blackie rushed frantically to his mother for protection. Curiously enough, the mare evinced no concern. She raised her head to eye the strangers and moved off with a certain caution, but there was no fear in the action and no dislike. The riders sat their ponies lazily, their feet eased from the stirrups, and surveyed the herd.

"Wal, I swan!" remarked one. "Look at them laigs."

"He sure can travel," responded the other admiringly. "A plumb likely-lookin' rascal."

"Jiminee-ee, if that old cougar had lit on him, now," continued the first speaker speculatively.

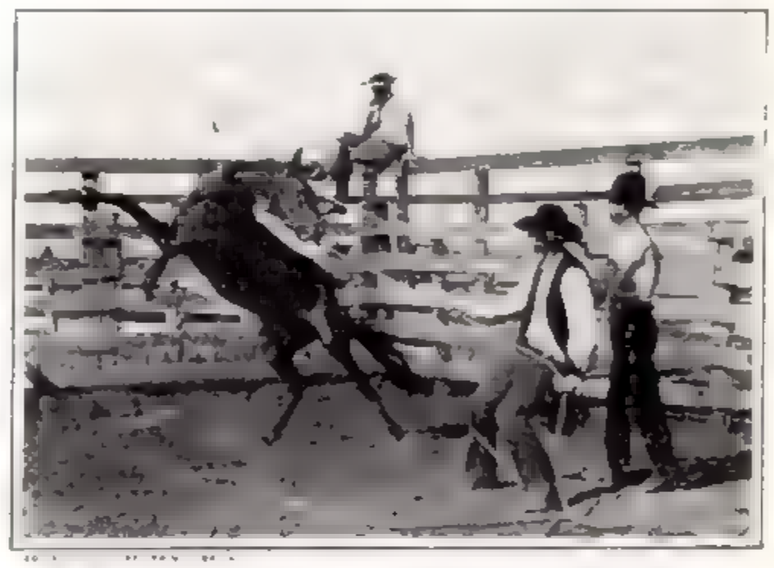
"They're powerful strong, cougars. She lugged that colt more'n four miles across her back. I followed the trail, where his laigs dragged, until it got lost over to Bar L way."

They shook up their horses and loped away.

"Why, they're men, child," said his mother tartly, as Blackie plied her with eager questions. "They're the rulers of all things. They are lords of the earth, and our masters. Some day you will know."

"No," cried Blackie fiercely, stamping both his forefeet. "I won't."

But deep down in his heart he was possessed of a fear that sickened him. The coming of winter gave him other matters to think about. The season was not unusually hard, yet during the months which followed two of the youngsters died. His mother grew irritable and gaunt, and Blackie's supply of food was not what it had been. The grown-ups of the herd would paw down through the snow to get at the grass, and when a storm swept over the range they clustered in the shelter of a windbreak. Long before Blackie had learned to drift with the wind, to nullify its chill by standing with his hindquarters to its force. Thus they eked out a living and spring found them fairly strong, if somewhat thin and frayed at the edges. An unexpected blight came to worry Blackie. In poor condition



With Only the Hackamore on Him He Reared and Plunged

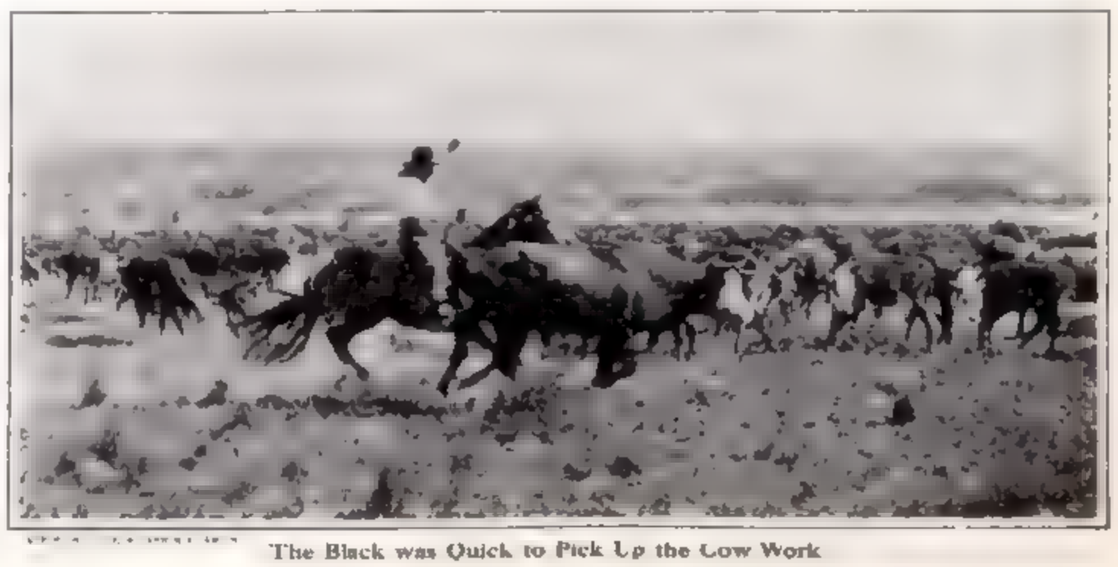
as he was he soon fell the prey of lice, and for weeks the wretched colt was driven half mad. They too passed, and summer was come.

On a June day men came riding. Blackie would have given them a merry chase, but the older members of the band contented themselves with a playful bluff at running away, and submitted to being herded and driven off with no opposition worth the name. The colt marveled, and resented it, too, but he was an insignificant unit in the bunch, so he trotted obediently beside his mother. And three hours' travel developed scenes that bewildered the infantile Blackie.

First they were cooped up in a big corral, perhaps fifty feet in diameter. What was this? Blackie had made sure in his own mind when the two bands united after the fight that all the horses in the world were gathered under his father's leadership. But here—why, here must have been three hundred, of all ages. The dust rose thick over the place, for the horses shifted and twisted ceaselessly. There were perhaps a score of stallions there who had known leadership, yet no fights occurred. They had other things to occupy them. This was the spring round-up.

Events crowded one upon the other with such swiftness that to Blackie always afterward those few days were a

(Concluded on Page 22)



The Black was Quick to Pick Up the Cow Work

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The Golden Flood of Dividends

EVERY corporation in the country has its money reservoir. Into this reservoir in June and at the end of the year is poured that part of the earnings of the corporation set aside for "fixed charges," as interest on bonds, taxes and rentals, and also the appropriations made for dividends on stock.

Day after day this money flows from the treasury of the railroad or manufacturing concern into the banking institution against which checks are to be issued later, and, about the first of July, it reaches high tide. Then the gates of these numerous reservoirs are opened and the funds issue forth to the hundreds of thousands of bondholders and owners of stocks in this country and in foreign lands. New wealth is created, old debts paid and a stimulus to enterprise in manifold forms is created.

The enormous aggregate of dividends paid each year to holders of stocks in American corporations is not generally appreciated. The overflow from the bank reservoirs of dividend and interest money this July will be one hundred and sixty million dollars. About seventy-five million dollars were disbursed at the beginning of June. The monthly average for the year will be in the neighborhood of eighty million dollars. American corporations pay back to holders of their securities every twelve months nearly one billion dollars.

Interest on its bonds is the first obligation of an incorporated company, so we assume that it will be paid in the regular course of business. If it is not receiverships follow. But a dividend on stock represents the attainment of a fairly good earning power, and since there are probably three or four holders of stock to one owner of bonds, the payment of dividends is a better guide to a country's prosperity and brings much wider benefits to its people as a whole than the cancellation of coupons on bonds. Just now, when all of the indices of national affairs are being scanned to see how we stand, both as to present income and future buying capacity, the relation of corporation dividends to prosperity is intimate and enlightening.

The Army of Stockholders

ONE of the great effects of the money panic of 1907 was to increase the number of shareholders in American railroad and industrial properties. Nothing like the army of stock owners of to-day has been approached before. The distribution of securities among the people of the United States has been slow and laborious, so that, prior to last year, the per capita holdings were among the smallest in the world.

The result of the low prices of March, August and October-November, 1907, was to draw into the ranks of the stock-holding interests about one hundred and fifty thousand new units, each with its vote, its desire to upbuild the property with which it had identified its savings, and the unconscious demand for a little greater producing capacity with which to make possible an enlargement of its ownership.

It does not seem a very important thing that, of our population of eighty-five million, the number of shareholders should have increased from two hundred and twenty-five thousand to three hundred and seventy-five thousand within a year, but the gain probably means as much to corporate life as any act of restrictive legislation of inferior corporation methods that has been enacted; for, in proportion as the control of a railroad, a sugar company or a car-building concern or what-not is scattered, so is the improvement in openness of management and management along conservative lines increased.

The hard times have caused many companies this year to reduce dividends or pass them entirely. The aggregate amount of dividends that will be held from stockholders is small when the whole sum disbursed is considered. To date this saving amounts to about thirty million dollars. It is less than three per cent. of the total of dividends promised for 1908.

In the past ten years thirty prominent industrial companies and thirty-five leading railroads have paid to their stockholders, out of earnings, the vast sum of two billion nine hundred and fifty-nine million dollars. This is just about equivalent to the world's gold production from 1898 to 1908. Many concerns have paid back to stockholders from sixty to eighty per cent. of their capitalization.

There are numerous instances where more than the whole capital has been paid out in dividends in a decade or less. Standard Oil is one of these, with a record of four hundred and ten million dollars in ten years, or more than four times its capitalization of one hundred million dollars. The United States Steel Corporation has shared with stockholders two hundred and sixty-one million dollars of earnings; the Pennsylvania Railroad one hundred and fifty million dollars (its sixty thousand stockholders are getting about twenty million dollars a year now, even with a reduction in the dividend to six per cent.); the Union Pacific one hundred and thirty-seven million dollars; the Pullman Company one hundred and fifteen million dollars in cash, to say nothing of rich stock dividends; and a host of companies from fifty million to seventy-five million dollars.

The significance of this, just at this time, is that an amount so great plays a very important part in the wealth-making influences of the country. It is especially important if the figures are contrasted with the conditions that prevailed in the years following the last great panic—that of 1893—when it was impossible for corporations to earn their interest on funded debt, to say nothing of disbursing dividends on stocks.

Where Society is Lame

A MOVEMENT to reform wedding etiquette, we learn, is afoot among those upon whom so delicate and important a function would naturally devolve.

The need is obvious. Nowadays, at all weddings of a sort that etiquette could properly take cognizance of, the clergyman, bridesmaids, best man, ushers and person who gives away the bride are carefully selected beforehand and duly rehearsed in their rôles; but the photographer whose head is punched and camera smashed is left entirely to chance. Not even the point at which the incident shall happen is settled.

For example, at a recent New York wedding of great swellness, the photographer received his assault and battery before the marital knot was tied, while at a still later Washington wedding he was not licked until after the ceremony proper and just prior to the nuptial breakfast. Sometimes a cane is used; sometimes merely a fist. Indeed, the society editor informs us that high authorities disagree as to whether it is most proper to punch the photographer and kick the camera or to kick the photographer and punch the camera.

How unseemly this happy-go-lucky condition is and how trying to the nerves of all concerned, including the photographer, we need not point out.

It has been suggested that, instead of the emblematic rice, the modern bridegroom should be presented with a practical brickbat, and discharge the same at the head of the first snap-shot artist on the right, just before handing the bride into the carriage. This would avoid disordering the procession, as assault by hand inevitably does. It would also enable bride and groom to pose beforehand for one more newspaper photograph of themselves—exhibiting them just as they would appear at the instant the groom hurls the retributive brick.

Supporting the Sport of Kings

SOMETIMES, in politics, there happens a thing that counts. In that category falls Governor Hughes' triumph over the New York Senate in the matter of the race-track gambling bills.

People who believe in common honesty, and consider it a proper function of the State to discourage flagrant vice, can count the passage of those bills as a solid gain. A stain upon the name of the State is removed; temptations to theft are lessened; one road to ruin is barred. That the breeding of fine horses will suffer, or that farmers can no longer congregate for mutual recreation and improvement, nobody, of course, believes.

Horse-racing has been accurately described as the sport of kings. A fine, fresh-air spectacle, and the special pleasure of a few wealthy persons who posed as "patrons" of it, the institution was really supported—until the law began to intervene—by swarms of victims in city poolrooms, where the spectacle was not fine nor the air fresh. It was maintained by the rent money, the proceeds of pawn-tickets, by temptation, folly, peculation and a large substratum of misery.

Now, that is exactly the kind of sports that kings were in their sporty days. They got up good shows, for which indigent persons paid in misery. If horse-racing cannot flourish upon a less kingly basis it is high time it ceased.

Out of the Other Fellow's Pocket

EXCEPTING a few Democratic editors, nobody is interested in the fact that the Government has spent this year some seventy million dollars more than its income and that appropriations at the late session of Congress were larger than ever, in spite of the deficit.

The interest that increases appropriations is practical and personal. The interest in favor of economy is, with us, theoretical and general. Smithopolis nods in sage and somewhat drowsy approval of the proposition that the Government ought to be economical; but turns out with petitions, processions and brass bands to boom the bill for its new post-office building.

The total of yearly expenditures—say, three-quarters of a billion—looks large; but there is no one item that it seems particularly worth while to reduce when the country is so rich and the money doesn't come out of your pocket.

Such is the disadvantage of indirect taxation. Not seeing the tax-gatherer, nobody in particular feels that he in particular contributes anything to the Government's revenue. You can't interest a man by arguing for economy unless he can feel that his own money is being spent.

When England increases expenditures, deep groans resound, because the income tax moves up.

Corporations and Self-Government

THE New York, New Haven and Hartford (now defending itself against attacks by the Federal Government and the State of Massachusetts) has long been regarded as a high-grade investment proposition. In the affections of Southern New England, the stock ranked about with the Mayflower, Cotton Mather, Salem Witches, Codfish, Emerson, Wooden Nutmegs and Emancipation.

Some four years ago Mr. Mellen became president, introducing a policy of expansion which seemed to aim at a monopoly of transportation in New England by land and water. Using the splendid credit of the road, many millions were invested in steamboats, trolley lines and the stock of other roads. Four successive annual reports show an increase in length of road from 2037 to 2060 miles, and of funded debt from fourteen to two hundred and twenty-nine million dollars. In the last balance-sheet, debts of controlled companies were included. Nevertheless, the figures suggest how much else, besides the simple business of operating its railroad, the stock now represents.

Being curious to know the unknowable, we wonder in how far the expansion policy (now pretty widely condemned) really represented the wishes of thrifty New England stockholders, and in how far they merely sat in dumb acquiescence (after a manner common to stockholders) and let the management do as it pleased.

Two great life-insurance companies recently held annual elections. Last year there was a hot contest and over half a million policy-holders exercised their right to vote. This year, with no contest and no agitation, the votes cast in both companies is said to have been only a few hundred.

Before We Point with Horror

AT THE beginning, so to speak, of a great pointing with horror, let us make the reflection, at once candid and comforting, that even the tariff is comparatively unimportant.

Winter wheat harvest began with the highest promise of recent years. Oats look bully, and hay "out of sight." If the summer proves kind, the crops will yield, say, four times the amount of the national debt; and we can bear an unrevised tariff, even, with comparative ease.

We suppose that about seven adult Americans out of ten regard an ordinary Presidential campaign as a bore—the women because it lumbers the newspapers with stuff they have no interest in; the men because it disturbs business. This threatens to be an ordinary campaign.

Along in October, we suspect, if many hearts beat fast with anxiety and many faces are grave it will be because there is danger of a corn-killing frost. There may be moments in August when the major voice would agree to swap both platforms for a good, soaking rain.

We are, after all, a pretty conservative people, and our politics conservatively concerns itself, for the most part, with differences in percentage. In a long, long time there has been only one Presidential campaign in which a great many people were really persuaded that the election of one candidate rather than the other would be a matter of deep moment to them.

Personally, we shall strive to perform our duty of becoming excited over the issues. But we hope tremendously that nothing will happen to the crops.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Star of Destiny

WE DIDN'T go into this Star-of-Destiny business very extensively until a few years ago, for the idea received a rude shock when our old friend N. Bonaparte's refused to work at a critical time, struck, quit the job and left Napoleon all spraddled out with nothing to do but have his pictures painted with his arms folded across his vest and a look of intense displeasure on his face.

Still, along about seven and a half years ago another one flashed, and since that time there have been quite a number fussing around in the political heavens. In most instances when we bought tickets to the show advertised by the various stars we found the performances were not a bit like the advance notices. To be sure, the one that bloomed seven years ago is a good, hard-working star, always shining just above the Washington Monument, but that is the property of the only man who has the monument in his back yard, and is no criterion.

Mr. George B. Cortelyou had one, nicely-trained, he thought, but it was crisscrossed with the monument one and snuffed out so quickly Mr. Cortelyou hasn't had the heart to look at the heavens since, but has kept his eyes moodily fixed on the pavement. William H. Taft trudged along without one and Mr. Bryan quit bothering about his some time ago and relied on his voice, which is more under control. John Barrett thinks he has one and Senator Beveridge and Jimmie Garfield have provided themselves with telescopes to be prepared for eventualities.

Thus, when a political astronomer discovers a new Star of Destiny the occasion is worthy of remark. There is a new one. Any visitor to Oklahoma may see it, shining brightly at a point midway between Muskogee and Guthrie. Not that Guthrie or Muskogee are in the heavens or ever likely to be, but that the star is there, over a point midway between those thriving towns. And if you look at it closely and follow the directions you may obtain from the proprietor of the star you will not fail to observe the initials "C. N. H." embossed thereon.

That Star of Destiny belongs to C. N. Haskell, Governor of the State. He cannot figure it out any other way. He has said: "Pshaw; it cannot be mine. It must be a mistake," but there is no getting back of the facts. The star is there. The initials are on it, and Governor Haskell has finally decided to grab it and call it his own. Being a positive man, now that he has made up his mind the star is his, he refuses to allow any other star-gazer to swerve him from his opinion. So it is all settled. The newest Star of Destiny is owned, controlled and handled by C. N. Haskell, Governor of Oklahoma.

The Bump that Jarred the Governor

YOU see, Mr. Haskell landed in the Governor's chair with such a bump that it jarred even him. He went campaigning before the people and the people thought so well of him they gave him about forty thousand majority over his Republican competitor, who was a fine, popular fellow at that. Moreover, Haskell went campaigning with the State constitution as a side partner, and as the constitution was mostly his own creation, he was not to be blamed if he looked up in the heavens and fastened on a star, said star winking at him seductively and all but telling him that, sure as shooting, any man who could pull off such a victory would undoubtedly rise to higher things.

Haskell rambled into Oklahoma a few years ago from Ohio. He lit on Muskogee, hitherto chiefly known to fame as the residence of Colonel James William Zevely. He was a business man, and he began doing business as soon as he arrived. He saw things Muskogee needed and he set about providing them. Meantime, he was not unaware that in a short time the Indian Territory and the Territory of Oklahoma would be made into a State and admitted to the Union, and he took on a large side line of politics. He could talk and he had ideas. Indeed, he may be said to have had obsessions. Some of these related to corporations, some to taxation and some to other principles of economics, but, however varied the ideas were, Haskell told about them all whenever he had a chance.

The new State was made. A constitutional convention was called and Haskell went to the convention. He did more than go to the convention. He grabbed it, roped, tied and branded it. He put it in his chair and sat on it. He taught it to lie down and roll over. He had it jumping through a hoop inside of four days and playing dead at the end of a week. As soon as Haskell asserted himself that constitutional convention became a Haskell convention, with the constitution in second place, off to a bad start and running lame.

After he had given each member of the convention his number and told him to respond whenever he called that number, Mr. Haskell proceeded to the formation of a constitution. Mindful of the fact that legislatures are elected and are dependent on the whim of the people, he decided to help all future legislatures out in a great measure by putting most of the things he deemed should be law into the organic law. He did not purpose to be fussing around with lawmakers when he could just as well make the law himself. So he embodied in that constitution about everything the citizens of the future State of Oklahoma might need in the way of legislation for many years to come. He paragraphed his ideas and slid them in, one after another. As completed, the constitution had legislation for about everything, from the proper way to pronounce Ockmulgee to the Haskellian theory of chopping cotton.

The Oklahomians liked the idea and howled for more. When the constitution came before them they adopted it with a whoop that could be heard from St. Louis to Texarkana. Then Haskell ran for Governor. He stood on the broad platform of his constitution. "It's mine," he said, "and I want to be Governor so I can enforce it."

He spoke all over the new State, pointing out that the document that had the honor to be his running mate was about the niftiest thing in constitutions that had yet come down the pike. The people thought so, too, for they tidal-waved him into the job, and he's there now.

After the returns were in Haskell contracted his Star of Destiny. He saw it coming and did not dodge. There was nothing else to it, for as surely as he enforced that constitution and directed such other laws as might be needed, there would be loud cries for him in 1912 to come and lead the Democracy out of the morass. He could not figure it out in any other way. In 1912 he would be the logical candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Look what happened in Oklahoma, and if any more proof is needed, how about that star? He was too wise to fuss around about it this year. His is no hair-trigger star. His destiny is coming along calmly and will mature four years from now. That is as he wants it, for he has his work to do in Oklahoma at this time.

Ways of a Fact Fancier

HASKELL is a smart man, a big man, an able man. He has a mind that assimilates and grinds out again so rapidly it keeps Oklahoma statesmen putting ice on their foreheads to counteract the rapid cerebration needed to keep up with him. He trained the legislature just as he trained the constitutional convention. By practically a unanimous vote they passed an anti-trust bill that did not suit him. He vetoed it, and they sustained his veto by the same vote by which they originally passed the bill.

His comprehension of facts is his most remarkable attribute. He has a brain that dotes on facts and can use them. If you hand up a chunk of useful information to Haskell he will grab it and retain it and, when the time comes, use it effectively. He has the faculty of going over a subject, putting what he has heard through that brain of his, and then being able to go out and make a better speech and use the facts to better advantage than the person who accumulated the information originally. He never forgets anything. His head is a storehouse of all sorts of facts bearing on his ideas, and there isn't a better, more logical, more convincing talker in the country than he is. He doesn't deal in glittering generalities, although he can spout them as well as anybody, if necessary. He hands out facts and figures and he generally gets what he wants.

He works all the time, is a serious man, impressed with his responsibilities, and, now that he has made up his mind he will be the Democratic candidate for President in 1912, is as sure of it as if he had the nomination.

Next time you go down to Oklahoma just take a look at that star. It's there, between Muskogee and Guthrie, and the initials "C. N. H." are embossed on it.

The Governor thinks so, anyhow.

He Had the Constitution Jumping Through a Hoop Inside of Four Days

The Salute to the Remains

"ONE of our early lawyers had a murder case to defend," said Senator Carter, of Montana, "and he had a hard case. When it came time to sum up he asked permission to take a recess for ten minutes, and during that ten minutes he went over to the hotel to get an inspiration.

"When he came back he walked out in front of the jury and said: 'As regards to this case, this is the greatest country on which the sun ever shone. We are the greatest people. We have the greatest destiny. Why, gentlemen, every time one of the ships of our glorious navy sails into the ports of the world with the Stars and Stripes flying, every ship of that power and every ship of every other power fires a sal-u-tee from great cannon in her honor, and, gentlemen of the jury, if you listen to what the scoundrelly opposition of this man has to say you are about to incarcerate in prison or hang by the neck my poor, unfortunate client simply because he, on one occasion, fired one small revolver shot at a man who unfortunately died on that occasion.'"

A Noteworthy Visit

PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN, many years in Congress from Tupelo, Mississippi, and the best story-teller in the land, came to St. Louis a time ago.

"Mr. Allen," asked a reporter who dug him out of his hotel, "what brings you here at this time?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing special," Allen protested.

"But there must be some reason for your visit to St. Louis," the reporter insisted. "The people of St. Louis are interested in knowing what brings so prominent a man to their midst. Is it politics?"

"No," asserted the Private.

"But there must be some public reason."

"There ain't," replied Allen, "but if you think the people of St. Louis are so mightily interested in my visit you can say that I have come up here to renew a note."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Robert H. Fuller, secretary to Governor Hughes, of New York, wrote a historical novel once—not twice—once.

¶ George Ade was a delegate to the Chicago convention from the Tenth Indiana district. Ade lives in a town called Brook, but he distinctly denies that it purls.

¶ William R. Wheeler, of California, the new assistant secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, is a large and impressive man, who goes to breakfast in a frock coat.

¶ Francis M. Cockrell, former Senator from Missouri, and now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, smokes five-cent cigars, but he gives ten-cent ones to his friends.

¶ M. R. Blumenberg, who was official reporter for the Republican National Convention, is one of the United States Senate stenographers and is considered one of the stars of the country in his line.

¶ Edward H. Butler, of Buffalo, one of the delegates-at-large from New York to the Republican National Convention, started a newspaper on a hand press in Buffalo thirty years ago and now he's worth a million.

¶ George von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General, will not be happy until he establishes a parcels post; so he is due to be unhappy until Senator Platt, of New York, gets out of the Senate, Senator Platt being president of an express company.

¶ Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, is a vegetarian and a teetotaler, so when he was making his eighteen-hour speech in the closing days of the Senate he kept up on eggs and milk. The manuscript of the speech weighed nineteen pounds.

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YOUR SAVINGS
The Small Stockholder

THERE are perhaps more small stockholders in the United States to-day than ever before. This is due to various causes. One of them is the campaign of education, such as has been carried on in this department, which has emphasized the fact that, when the right kind of stock is bought outright for the income it produces, it is a good form of investment, especially for men. The October panic, which brought the prices of all securities down to the lowest level for years, afforded an excellent opportunity to purchase high-class stocks in this way. Again, owing to the long depression which always follows a panic, many large blocks of stock, hitherto held by individuals or carried by brokerage houses for them, have been thrown on the market and divided among many owners. As a result of all of this, hundreds of thousands of shares have passed into the hands of the people everywhere. The small stockholder, therefore, has come to be something of a factor to be reckoned with in the financial game, for he is one of that large army whose ranks comprise the real owners of our railroads and corporations.

The corporation that has a large number of small stockholders may usually be regarded as a good one, because this widely-distributed stock ownership shows that the stock has the confidence of the people who cannot afford to take many chances with their money. The small stockholder helps to keep the stock out of Wall Street, and thus aids in preventing big speculative deals, which are so full of peril to the business which the stock represents. There are numerous facts concerning stock which every small stockholder ought to know, and an effort will be made this week to point them out.

The Stockholder a Partner

In the first place, it is important for the small stockholder to know what his status in the business is, because it differs from that of the bondholder. The stockholder, no matter what his holdings are, is a partner in the enterprise. He is like one of the proprietors of a store. If business is good he prospers and gets profits. If it is bad he does not. If the business should fail he must wait for his share of the proceeds until all the just debts are paid. The bondholder, on the other hand, is a creditor and has a claim on the business. If the interest on his bonds is not paid he has the right, if his bond is a mortgage bond, to foreclose and sell the property

The stockholder, however, has a voice in the conduct of the business, for he helps to elect the directors, who in turn elect the officers. The bondholder has no such power The owner of one share of stock has the right to go to the annual meeting of stockholders and raise his voice in any matter of record or procedure. Unfortunately, American stockholders do not avail themselves of this right as much as they should, and their indifference in the matter has led to many excesses by corporations. In England, the stockholders, or "proprietors," as they are called, take the keenest interest in the railroads and corporations, attend the annual meetings in large numbers, and take pains to find out what is being done with the property. As a result, the corporations, knowing that they are under scrutiny, are usually mindful of the stockholders' interest.

Any stockholder, large or small, can give a proxy for his stock. This means that some one else, whom he designates, can take his place at the annual meeting and vote. These proxies are sometimes very valuable to groups or cliques of financiers or speculators who seek control of railroads or other properties. They are willing to pay good prices for proxies. The recent contest between E. H. Harriman and Stuyvesant Fish for the control of the Illinois Central Railroad was simply a battle for proxies. Each side scoured Europe and the United States for them.

Various problems are apt to confront the small stockholder, and one of the greatest of these comes when the corporation in which he owns stock declares a stock dividend. Ordinarily, when a corporation declares a dividend, it is paid by check, which is sent direct to the stockholder. But sometimes, especially during the depression which comes after a panic and when railroads are conserving their cash resources, the dividend, instead of being paid in money, is paid in stock of the company. This is called a stock dividend. It increases the capital stock of the corporation, but requires no expenditure of cash at that time.

When a stock dividend is declared the small stockholder has his troubles. The company has some, too, for the apportionment of the small stockholder's share involves much clerical work and calculation. The amount of stock dividend that the shareholder receives depends upon the number of shares he owns.

Let us take a concrete case. Last December the Missouri Pacific Railroad declared a stock dividend of 2½ per cent. This means that if you owned a hundred shares of stock you would get as dividend two full shares of stock and $50 in scrip. If you only owned one share you would get $2 50 in scrip. Now what is scrip? Scrip is simply the fractional amount of a share of stock. If the par value of the share is one hundred dollars then scrip of that stock would be for any smaller amount.

Scrip is issued as a negotiable certificate and therefore can be bought, sold or transferred. Scrip is usually non-dividend paying, and, for this reason alone, works a hardship on the small stockholder who gets it. If he wants to use it he must either buy enough additional scrip to make up a full share or sell his scrip to some other stockholder who wants to make up a full share. In selling scrip, you do so at a sacrifice. For example, the two dollars and fifty cents in scrip which the holder of one share of Missouri Pacific received would only be worth about $1.25 in cash. In cases where scrip is issued the large stockholder has the advantage over the small stockholder for the reason that his share of the dividend (which he receives in the form of actual full shares) is dividend-paying or is likely to pay dividends, while the scrip which the small stockholder receives is not.

What "Rights" Are

Another matter of interest to all stockholders is what is commonly known as "rights." When a railroad or corporation issues new stock it sometimes gives its stockholders the privilege or "right" to subscribe at a figure below the market price. Like scrip, these "rights," which are set forth in a document like a warrant, may be bought, sold and transferred

Here is a concrete case. Recently the Illinois Central Railroad decided to issue some new stock. The road offered its stockholders the right to subscribe to fifteen per cent. of their holdings at par. This means that the stockholder who owns one hundred shares is given the privilege of subscribing to fifteen shares of the new stock at par or one hundred dollars. Holders of smaller amounts get a correspondingly smaller share of the new issue. For the sake of calculation the one-hundred-share lot will be used.

The market price on Illinois Central stock on the day this article is written is a hundred and thirty dollars a share, or a premium of thirty dollars a share over par. The subscribing stockholder who owns a hundred shares therefore gets fifteen shares of the new stock for $1500 which would cost $1950 in the market. This profit of $450 would represent the value of the "rights."

But in this case the new stock does not carry (which means that it will not receive) the semi-annual dividend of 3½ per cent payable in September and amounting to $52.50 on fifteen shares. This loss of dividend naturally reduces the value of the new stock by 3½ per cent. To figure out the real value of the "rights" you simply add $52.50, the amount of dividend which the new stock would lose, to $1500, the price of fifteen shares at par, which makes $1552 50. By subtracting this from $1950, the price of fifteen shares at to-day's quotation, you get three hundred and ninety-seven dollars and fifty cents, the real value of the "rights," or approximately 4 per cent., which is the market quotation on Illinois Central "rights."

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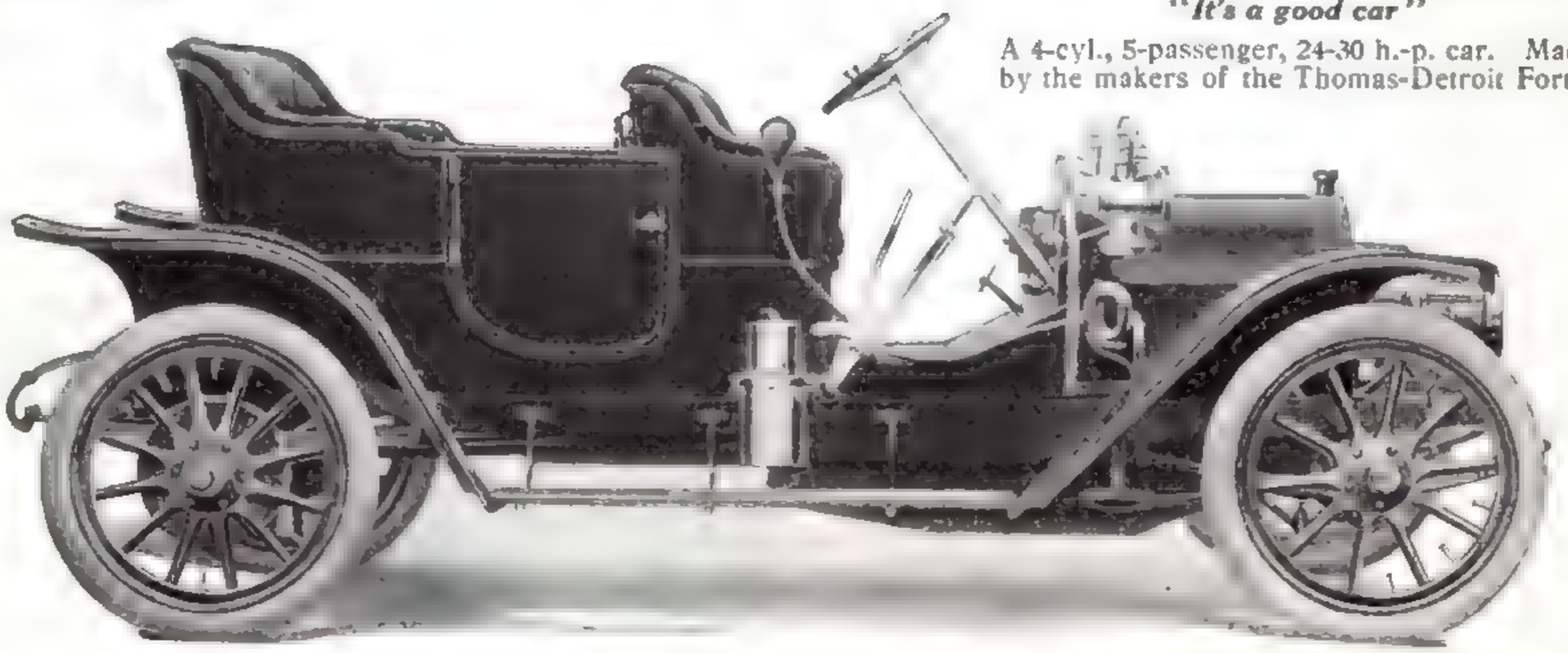

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The lines are handsome, yet conservative. The car follows, in this respect, the leading cars of the year. The finish and upholstering are the same as are found in cars costing double this price.

The wheel base is 110 inches—compare that with rival cars. We have only a 2-inch longer base in our $2,750 car. The frame of the Chalmers-Detroit is exactly the same as in our Detroit-Forty.

Thus we give you a roomy and elegant five-passenger car—not a car that looks cheap because small.

Weight 2,000 pounds, which means a low tire cost, a low cost of upkeep. Power 24-30 h. p.—sufficient for any requirement. Speed 45 to 50 miles per hour.

Now let us compare the mechanical features with some high-priced cars.

The four cylinders are cast together, as in the latest Fiat, the Darracq, and a score of great foreign cars. Our factory cost on this engine alone is $261. Yet 4-cylinder automobile engines are sold as low as $75.

We use the Unit Power Plant, as in the new Decauville, the Motobloc and others. Motor, clutch and transmission form a single unit, so they cannot get out of alignment.

The body is suspended, for easy riding, after the style of the Mercedes. The valves are like those of the Napier. The ¾ Elliptic Springs are like the Renault and others.

Selective sliding gear transmission; three speeds forward and reverse. Perfect dust protection.

As completely fitted with annular ball bearings as the Mercedes, Hotchkiss and Renault. Very few of the costliest American cars use so many. The actual cost of the ball bearings in this car is $103.

Brakes heavier than we used, until this year, on our "Forty." Anti-backing device to protect you on hills. Double ignition system.

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Floating type rear axle, used heretofore only on the highest-priced cars. Wheels 32 inches; tires 3½ inches.

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Compare these features, one by one, with the costliest cars. You will note we have stinted nowhere. We did not start out to make this a cheap car.

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Now called the Chalmers-Detroit Forty.

This change in name involves no change in ownership, personnel or management. It is simply made to avoid the confusion of two Thomas concerns operating on separate lines.

BLACKIE: A TEXAS NIGHT HORSE

(Concluded from Page 17)

confused blur. He was, and remained, vividly alive to several happenings, however. The first was when three men sauntered into the corral. Every time they approached, the older and more experienced horses worked away from them, adroitly interposing the bodies of others and gradually worming their way toward the centre of the herd. Blackie saw a rope fly out several times and colts jerked to the ground. That was all he saw, for the herd shrank back to the limits of the fence and left the victims to their own devices.

He began to grow very uneasy. Still, he never suspected that such a thing could befall him, for he had every confidence in his mother. His turn came soon. As Fate would have it, he was on the outskirts of the bunch when a colt was released. As the horses plunged away, Blackie, caught unawares, was left quite alone. He sensed danger in an instant and made a run around the end of the band to get inside; but he was too late. Something flicked him under the chin; at the same time a rope encircled his knees in some inexplicable fashion; his legs were whisked from under him, and he came down with a thump that shook the breath from his body and jarred his every bone. He had been forefooted by one of the best ropers in the Panhandle.

In a second a man was sitting on his head, another was squatting on the ground at his back, with his feet braced against him; his tail was brought up between his legs and held tight as in a vice. Strive as he would the youngster could not kick. He raised a loud squall for help from his mother, but like all the others the mare ran away from the spot where her offspring had been brought low. Fight for him she would with any foe but man, but man she would not recognize as a foe, whatever the colt's appeals. When a man undertook to do anything, Blackie soon learned he must depend on himself. Therein his mother differed in maternal anxiety from a cow, which will make trouble when a calf cries, whatever and whoever the cause.

A sharp pain shot through Blackie, and he writhed with all his strength. To his nostrils came the smell of burning hair and flesh. He figured he was sure done for. Then another pang, coming from close beside it, and next instant one of the men was rubbing oil on the spot. It seemed years to him; as a matter of fact it was the work of a minute, done by expert hands. He was free at last, weak, shaking and sick from the ordeal, and he ran back to the herd, whimperingly seeking his mother's side. On his left flank were two large, glaring letters, red and raw, "B. S."

Later they all went back to roam the range as before, all but some of the geldings that were now full grown and that stayed behind to be topped and broken by the busters, and then trained for cow horses. Blackie took up the old life. Yet there was a difference, too. For he had been weaned, and his mother gave him scant notice. Nor did he desire her maternal care in the ordinary course of events. He went through another winter, one more severe than his first; and another round-up, during which nobody tried to get near him, much to his astonishment. That summer, too, he saw his father go down to defeat in a terrific battle with a younger stallion, and he fell in composedly when the new leader took command of the herd. Yet a third winter passed, and old earth throbbed with life anew in an early spring. Again the round-up time arrived

Blackie went to it with no misgivings. Why shouldn't he? He had rather enjoyed himself at the last. He confidently expected that it would be a repetition of that of the previous year; but, alas, for his faith in humankind. He never gave a thought to the fact that he was now full-grown—a superb, high-strung, powerful black. He could feel an electric thrill in the atmosphere of the small corral in which he found himself. Moreover, where were the mares and little colts that had mingled with the big herd on other occasions? All these were horses of about his own age. It certainly looked suspicious. He began to trot about anxiously, like the others.

Blackie came out of the confusion of some adroit manœuvring to perceive that he was in a larger corral and alone. That he was there at all was due to a trick, and he was wild with anger and nameless fear over it. Two men walked about, carelessly, it is true, but they eyed him watchfully, and he dodged and twisted, keeping his head toward the fence, showing them only his hindquarters. But a feint led him to turn and run for it, and that was his undoing. A rope sped with deadly precision, and down he crashed. It was the beginning of a struggle that ended only with Blackie's life, for his spirit could never be quite tamed

Of course he was helpless in their hands. What horse that ever breathed would not be? But he fought them at every stage. With only the hackamore on him he reared and plunged, batting the air with his feet and taxing the strength of the puncher who held him. They hog-tied him after that to put on the saddle, but what had been enough for several of his companions did not suffice for Blackie. So desperately did he struggle, with the rope running around his neck back of his right hind foot cutting and cramping him, that they threw him again. It was on the ground that the harness of slavery was cinched to Blackie's body.

They let him up. As he stood trembling and sweating a man stroked Blackie's nose. It had a strangely soothing effect, that gentle rubbing. He liked it. Slowly the hand stole up, still rubbing, above his eyes. As lightning strikes it clutched his ear. The next instant the horse's head was pulled down with all the puncher's strength, and he could not fight off the man who leaped to his back.

Had they really appreciated Blackie they would never have permitted a Mexican "twister" to top him first, but only the professional buster of the range. For such pitching as Blackie did had seldom been seen before. He seemed to be a "weaver" by instinct; the "fence-row" came natural to him. There was not a trick of the outlaw with which Blackie did not show himself familiar in half a dozen jumps. Every time he landed, with rigid forelegs, he blatted like a goat. It was too much for Antonio. Head foremost he went over the black's right shoulder, but he was an agile beggar and contrived to scoot along on his hands and knees, so that he was unhurt.

Blackie had the saddle partly torn off when they roped him again. Standing straight in the air he pawed like a swimmer who is sinking, while the blanket slipped from his body about his feet. Then they called for Pete, the buster. Pete came. He topped Blackie, and he conquered him. It was all in the day's business with Pete. Didn't he get five dollars for each bronc he topped three times?

Not that the black did not fight the buster. He simply could not disturb that perfect balance. Pete sat easily, lightly in the saddle, his weight on the left foot, the right leg advanced, maintaining his place by his poise rather than by his grip. And he wiped Blackie out—quirted him every time he rose. A score of frantic jumps convinced the bronc the case was hopeless. By that time he was winded and tired. Pete rode him about, quietly waiting until his recovered strength should start him pitching again. That time came sooner than he anticipated, but the buster was prepared. At the end of an hour Blackie was unsaddled—a beaten, dejected creature.

Twice more in the course of a week was he topped by the buster. He never once succeeded in shaking off the phlegmatic Pete. Yet he was a "bad horse" for all that.

He was turned over to one of the punchers, and joined the remuda. There, too, Blackie met with trouble. He could not get away at night to escape to his beloved range herd, for his forelegs were hobbled; but when, unhampered, he saw two men on the first day approaching the remuda with only a slender rope connecting them as a barrier against flight, Blackie could figure on nothing to detain him worthy of mention. He tried to go over it. Next moment he was roped and "bust wide open"—thrown so violently that he was temporarily stunned.

The black was quick to pick up the cow work. He fairly delighted in cutting out, and became so expert at it that he could "turn through himself" almost as well as Bomar's Rabbit, and beat the others of the cow horses all to nothing. One day his rider sat him carelessly, one leg up over the black's shoulder, his feet free of the stirrups. He was smoking and idly watching some distant cattle. In a twinkling there came to Blackie the recollection of how he had shed the twister. It was over in a moment. Perhaps Blackie was repentant when he saw the puncher lying on his back, unconscious, one leg twisted up snapped at the knee. At any rate, he made no attempt to run away when four other punchers raced up.

With the B. S. outfit was an Englishman, once a remittance man, now a puncher of the best. They called him the Duke, because on his first appearance in that country he had worn a monocle, though nobody dared to remind him of it now; and it was to him the foreman turned over the black. They took to each other from the start.

When he became more proficient they made Blackie a night horse, for his surefootedness was remarkable. And eighteen months sped by. Half of it Blackie spent with the range horses, the other half he worked. He much preferred roaming with the herd.

On a summer night he and the Duke were on duty together. With six others they herded eight thousand cattle. Blackie stood, ready saddled, on a slight rise overlooking the rolling plain, which was the bed-ground, and the Duke lay near him. Before them lay the cattle, sleeping.

A steer was dreaming in the very heart of the herd. With a snort of terror he suddenly leaped to his feet, and eight thousand cattle were up and plunging, quick as the snap of one's fingers. The herd was stampeded

Blackie, carrying the Duke, raced for all that was in him. So did the other night horses. The punchers fanned the leaders in the face with their slickers, they smoked them with their six-shooters. Madly they rode to head off the pointers, milling them, racing them in an ever-narrowing circle, so that when they reached the axis the blown and puzzled cattle might be brought to a standstill. With the joy of conflict surging through him, Blackie ran as never before.

The Duke, calm in spite of the noise he made, waved his slicker and shouted. The pointer to which he gave his attention was a huge, lumbering steer which traveled fast in his blind fear; but faster still, clinging just ahead of his right shoulder in order to turn the brute, pounded the pony, head low, belly to ground, straining every muscle. His rider kept his eyes riveted on the great longhorn; he felt that he was the key to this raging turmoil; at all costs he must be milled. Only once did he glance away. That was when in the darkness he flashed by another rider, speeding to a new position, and he felt rather than saw the man. Something the puncher yelled, shrieking it at the top of his voice.

"Man down," guessed the Duke.

He could not hear the words, but instinctively he knew. Behind, in front, all around them sounded the thunder of the flying hoofs of eight thousand terror-mad cattle; the clashing of their horns rose like the noise of a great battle with sabres. The Duke took one fleeting look over that shifting sea of tossing heads, and thought what it would mean to go down.

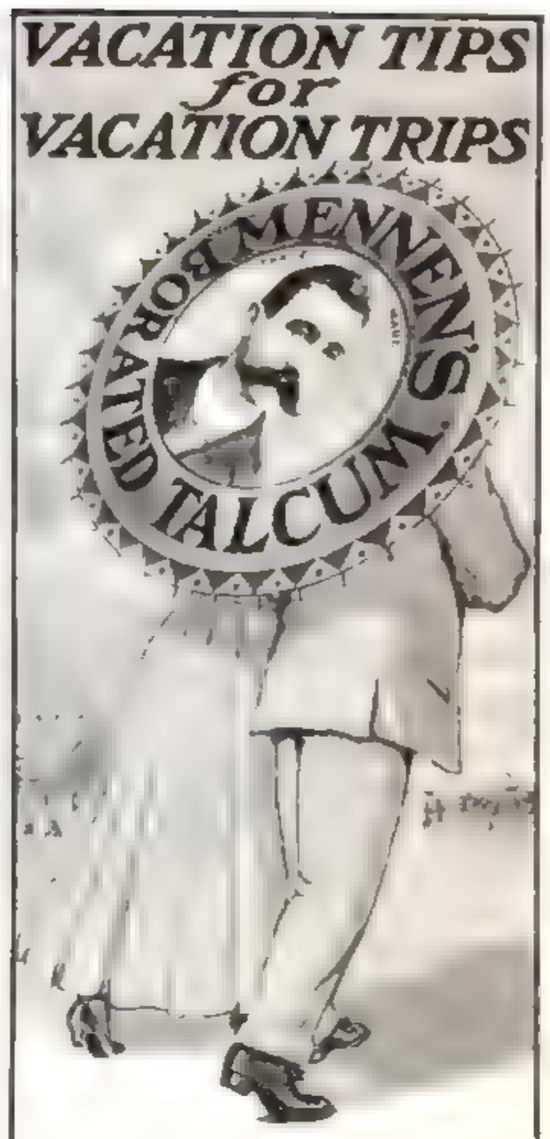
Only for an instant did the thought tarry. For his eyes fell to Blackie. Was it possible the wonderful creature did not know the meaning of fear? Wild exultation was revealed in the way the horse did his work. He was running with all the strength in his lithe, powerful body, yet he showed in every move that he was not only doing it understandingly, but was possessed of a determination to do a good job. As a matter of fact, to Blackie it was quite the pleasantest affair he had participated in since he roamed the range as a colt. A great love for the lion-hearted brute surged through the Englishman.

"We're going to hold them, old boy," said the Duke.

They did. When dawn crept up, red and pink and gold over the distant foothills, the exhausted cattle were surging aimlessly, in a fairly compact mass, not three miles from their starting point. The Duke was relieved and rode away to the chuck-wagon. As he stood, weak and shaking, beside his mount, some of the outfit came in with what was left of a man. It was scarcely enough for purposes of identification. The Duke watched them go by, then turned with a quick movement and buried his face in the dust-clotted mane.

"You—old—black—devil," he gasped.

Blackie nudged him gently with his nose.



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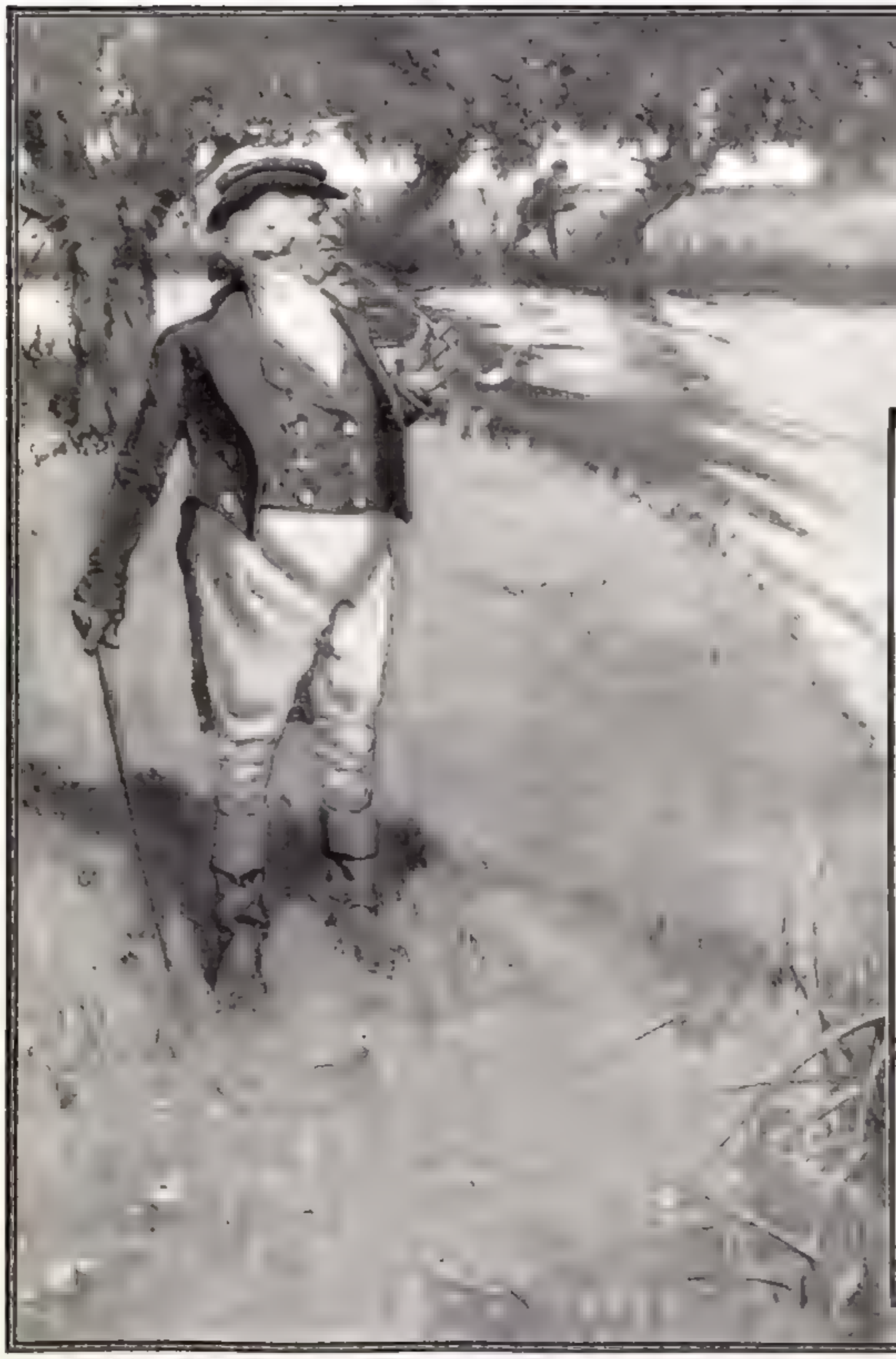

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The fifth line should rhyme with the first two lines, and it is for you to compose it.

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Barbet Shaving Cream Soap softens the beard without rubbing with [illegible] 25

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THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 15)

but there came from the shadows between the lids a faint glimmer, and he thought of that first day when from her lifted gaze a thousand gay little demons seemed to laugh at him.

"I've been thinking," she remarked, "that this question of making love to me should be seriously discussed."

"That's what I've been asking you to do in the *patio* ——"

"I've been thinking, with deep but rather tardy concern, that it is not the best policy for me to be—courted—any more."

She glanced up; her entire expression had suddenly altered to a gravity unmistakable.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Can *you* tell *me?* I ask you, Garry, what has happened?"

"I don't understand ——"

"Nor I. . . . Because that little fool you kissed—so many, many centuries ago—is not this disillusioned woman who is standing here! . . . May I be a little bit serious with you?"

"Of course," he said, amused; "come out on the east balcony and tell me what troubles you."

She considered him, smilingly suspicious of his alacrity.

"I don't think we had better go to the balcony."

"Shiela, can't you *ever* get over being ashamed when I make love to you?"

"I don't want to get over it, Garry."

"Are you still afraid to let me love you?"

Her mouth curved gravely as a perplexed child's; she looked down at the table where his sunburned hand now lay lightly across hers.

"I wished to speak to you about myself—if, somehow, you could help me to say what—what is very difficult for a girl to say to a man—even when she loves him. . . . I don't think I can say it, but I'll try."

"Then come to the balcony ——"

"No, I can't trust you—or myself—unless we promise each other."

"Have I got to do that again?"

"Yes, if I am to go with you. *I* promise! Do you?"

"If I must," he said with very bad grace—so ungraciously, in fact, that as they passed from the eastern corridor on to the Spanish balcony she forgot her own promise and slipped her hand into his in half-humorous, half-tender propitiation.

"Are you going to be disagreeable to me, Garry?

"You darling," he said; and, laughing, yet secretly dismayed at her own perversion, she hurriedly untwisted her fingers from his and made a new and fervid promise to replace the one just broken.

The moonlight was magnificent, silvering forest, dune and chapparal. Far to the east a thin, straight gleam revealed the sea.

She seated herself under the wall, lying back against it; he lay extended on the marble shelf beside her, studying the moonlight on her face.

"What was it you had to tell me, Shiela? Remember, I am going in the morning."

"I've turned cowardly; I cannot tell you. . . . Perhaps later. . . . Garry, this moonlight is filling my veins with quicksilver. I feel very restless, very heathenish." . . . She cast a slanting side glance at him, lips parting with soundless laughter; and in the witchery of the moon she seemed exquisitely unreal, head tipped back, slender throat and shoulders snow-white in the magic enveloping lustre.

Resting one bare arm on the marble she turned, chin on shoulder, looking mischievously down at him, lovely, fresh, perfect as the Cherokee roses that spread their creamy, flawless beauty across the wall behind her.

Imperceptibly her expression changed to soft friendliness, to tenderness, to a hint of deeper emotion; and her lids drooped a little, then opened gravely under the quick caress of his eyes; and very gently she moved her head from side to side as reminder and refusal.

"Another man's wife," she said deliberately. . . . "Thy neighbor's wife. . . . That's what we've done!"

Like a cut of a whip her words brought him upright to confront her, his blood tingling on the quick edge of anger.

For always, deep within him, lay that impotent anger latent; always his ignorance of this man haunted him like the aftermath of an ugly dream. But of the man himself she had never spoken since that first day in the wilderness. And then she had not named him.

Her face had grown very serious, but her eyes remained unfathomable under his angry gaze.

"Is there any reason to raise that spectre between us?" he demanded.

"Dear, has it ever been laid?" she asked sorrowfully. "How very, very young you are, after all," she said gently. "Come nearer. Lift your sulky, wicked head. Now ask my pardon for not understanding."

"I ask it. . . . But when you speak of him ——"

"Hush. He is only a shadow to you—scarcely more to me. He must remain so. Do you not understand that I wish him to remain a shadow to you—a thing without substance—without a name?"

He bent his head, nodding almost imperceptibly.

"Garry?"

He looked up in response.

"There is something else—if I could only say it. . . . I might if you would close your eyes." . . . She hesitated, half-fearful, then drew his head down on her knees, daintily, using her finger-tips only in the operation.

"Are you listening to what I am trying to tell you?"

"Yes, very intently."

"Then—it's about my being afraid—of love. . . . Are you listening? . . . It is very difficult for me to say this. . . . It is about my being afraid. . . . I used to be when I did not know enough to be. And now, Garry, when I am less ignorant than I was—when I have divined enough of my unknown self to be afraid—dearest, I am not."

She bent gently above the boyish head lying face downward on her knees—waited timidly for some response, touched his hair.

"I am listening," he nodded.

She said: "My will to deny you, my courage to control myself seem to be waning. I love you so; and it is becoming so much worse, such a blind, unreasoning love. . . . And—do you think it will grow so much worse that I could be capable of anything ignoble? Do you think I might be mad enough to beg my freedom? I—I don't know where it is leading me, dear. Do you? It is that which bewilders me—that I should love you so—that I should not be afraid to love you so. . . . Hush, dear! Don't speak—for I shall never be able to tell you this if you speak or look at me. And I want to ask you a question. May I? And will you keep your eyes covered?"

"Yes."

"Then—there are memories which burn my cheeks—hush! —I do not regret them. . . . Only, what am I changing into that I am capable of forgetting —everything— in the happiness of consenting to things I never dreamed of—like this"—bending and laying her lips softly against his cheek. . . . "That was wrong; it ought to frighten me. But it does not."

He turned, looking up into the flushed young face and drew it closer till their cheeks touched.

"Don't look at me! Why do you let me drift like this? It is madness—to give up to each other the way we do ——"

"I wish we could give up the world for each other."

"I wish so, too. I would—except for the others. Do you suppose I'd hesitate if it were not for them?"

They looked at each other with a new and subtler audacity.

"You see," she said with a wistful smile, "*this* is not Shiela Cardross who sits here smiling into those brown eyes of yours. I think I died before you ever saw me; and out of the sea and the mist that day some changeling crept into your boat for your soul's undoing. Do you remember in Ingoldsby—'The ci-devant daughter of the old Plantagenet line'?"

They laughed like children.

"Do you think our love-tempted souls are in any peril?" he asked lightly.

The question arrested her mirth so suddenly that he thought she must have misunderstood.

"What is it, Shiela?" he inquired.

"Garry—will you tell me something—if you can? . . . Then, what does it

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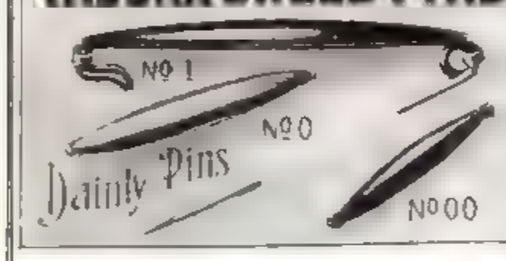

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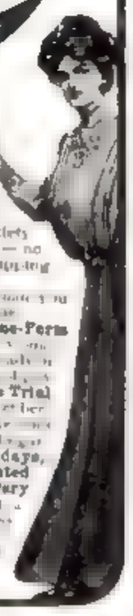

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mean, the saying—'souls lost through love'? Does it mean what we have done? because I am married? Would people think our souls lost—if they knew?"

"No, you blessed child!"

"Well, how can——"

"It's a lie, anyway," he said. "Nothing is lost through love. It is something very different they mean."

"Yes," she said calmly, "something quite inconceivable, like 'Faust' and 'The Scarlet Letter.' . . . I *thought* that was what they meant!"

Brooding over him, silent, pensive, clear eyes fearlessly meeting his, she drifted into guiltless retrospection.

"After all," she said, "except for letting everybody know that we belong to each other this is practically like marriage. Look at that honey-moon up there, Garry. . . . If, somehow, they could think we are engaged, and would let us alone for the rest of our lives, it would not matter. . . . Except I should like to have a house alone with you."

And she stooped, resting her cheek lightly against his, eyes vaguely sweet in the moonlight.

"I love you so," she murmured, as though to herself, "and there seems no end to it. It is such a hopeless sequence when yesterday's love becomes to-day's adoration and to-morrow's worship. What am I to do? What is the use of saying I am not free to love you, when I do?" She smiled dreamily. "I was silly enough to think it impossible once."

"You darling," he whispered, adoring her innocence. Then as he lay, head cradled on her knees, looking up at her, all unbidden a vision of the future in its sharp-cut ominous desolation flashed into his vision—the world outlined without her!—the endless stretch of time—youth with no meaning, effort wasted, attainment without desire, loneliness, arid, terrible days unending.

"It is too—too senseless!" he breathed, stumbling to his feet as the vague, scarcely formulated horror of it suddenly turned keen and bit into him as he began to realize for the first time something of what it threatened.

"What is it, Garry?" she asked in gentle concern, as he stood staring at her. "Is it time to go? You are tired, I know." She rose and opened the great glass doors. "You poor, tired boy," she whispered, waiting for him. And, as he did not stir: "What is the matter, Garry?"

"Nothing. I am trying to understand that our winter is ended."

She nodded. "Mother and Gray and Cecile and I go North in April. . . . I wish we might stay through May—that is, if you——" She looked at him in silent consternation. "Where will *you* be?"

He said in a sullen voice: "That is what I was thinking of—our separation. . . . Do you realize that it is almost here?"

"No," she said faintly, "I cannot."

He moved forward, opening the glass doors wider; she laid one hand on his arm as though to guide herself; but the eastern corridors were bright with moonlight, every corner illuminated.

They were very silent until they turned into the south corridor and reached her door; and there he suddenly gave way to his passionate resentment, breaking out like a spoiled boy:

"Shiela, I tell you it's going to be unendurable! There must be some way out, some chance for us. . . . I *don't* mean to ask you to do what is—what you consider dishonorable. You wouldn't do it, anyway, whether or not I asked you——"

"But don't ask me," she said, turning very white. "I don't know what I am capable of if I should ever see you suffer!"

"You *couldn't* do it!" he repeated; "it isn't in you to take your happiness at their expense, is it? You say you know how they would feel; I don't. But, if you're asking for an annulment——"

"What? Do you mean divorce?"

"No. . . . That is—different——"

"But what——"

"You dear," he said, suddenly gentle, "you have never been a—wife; and you don't know it."

"Garry, are you mad?"

"Shiela, dear, some day will you very quietly ask some woman the difference between divorce and annulment?"

"Y-yes, if you wish. . . . Is it something you mayn't tell me, Garry?"

"Yes. . . . I don't know! You sometimes make me feel as though I could tell you anything. . . . Of course I couldn't . . . you darling!" He stepped nearer. "You are so good and sweet, so utterly beyond evil, or the vaguest thought of it——"

"Garry—I am *not!* And you know it!"

He only laughed at her.

"You *don't* think I am a horrid sort of saint, do you?"

"No, not the horrid sort——"

"Garry! How can you say such things when I'm half ready *now* to run away with you?"

The sudden hint of fire in her face and voice, and something new in her eyes, sobered him.

"Now, do you know what I am?" she said, breathing unevenly and watching him. "Only one thing keeps me respectable. I'd go with you; I'd live in rags to be with you. I ask nothing in the world or of the world except you. You could make me what you pleased, mould me—mar me, I believe—and I would be the happiest woman who ever loved. *That* is your saint!"

Flushed with her swift emotion, she stood a minute facing him, then laid her hand on the door knob behind her, still looking him in the eyes. Behind her the door slowly swung open under the pressure.

"Good-night," she whispered sorrowfully, as the shadow deepened on his altered face.

"Are you going?"

"Yes. . . . And, somehow, I feel that perhaps it is better not to—kiss me to-night. . . . Good-night."

Watching him, she waited in silence for a while, then turned slowly and lighted the tiny night-lamp on the table beside her bed.

When she returned to the open door there was no light in the hall. She heard him moving somewhere in the distance.

"Where are you, Garry?"

He came back slowly through the dim corridor.

"Were you going without a word to me?" she asked.

He came nearer and leaned against the doorway.

"You are quite right," he said sullenly. "I've been a fool to let us drift in this way. I don't know where we're headed for, and it's time I did."

"What do you mean?" in soft consternation.

"That there is no hope left for us—and that we are both pretty young, both in love, both close to desperation. At times, I tell you, I feel like a cornered beast—feel like showing my teeth at the world—like tearing you from it at any cost. I'd do it, too, if it were not for your father and mother. You and I could stand it."

"I would let you do it—if it were not for them," she said.

They looked at one another, both pale.

"Would you give up the whole moral show for me?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"You'd get a first-rate scoundrel."

"I wouldn't care, if it were you."

"There's one thing," he said with a bluntness bordering on brutality, "all this is changing me into a man unfit to touch you. I warn you."

"What!"

"I tell you not to trust me!" he said almost savagely. "With heart and soul and body on fire for you—mad for you—I'm not to be trusted!"

"And I," she faltered, deadly pale.

"You don't know what you're saying!" he said violently.

"I—I begin to think I do. . . . Garry—Garry—I am learning very fast! . . . How can I let you go?"

"The idea is," he said grimly, "for me to go before I go insane. . . . And never again to touch you——"

"Why?"

"Peril!" he said. "I'm just a plain blackguard, Shiela."

"Would it change you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Not to touch me, not to kiss me. Could you go on always just loving me? . . . Because if you could not—through the years that are coming—I—I had rather take the risk—with you—than lose you."

He stood, head bent, not trusting himself to speak or look at her.

"Good-night," she said timidly.

He straightened up, stared at her, and turned on his heel, saying good-night in a low voice.

"Garry!"

"Good-night," he muttered, passing on.

Her heart was beating so violently that she pressed her hand to it.

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"Garry!" she faltered, stretching out her hand to him in the darkness, "I—I do not care about the—risk—if you care to—kiss me ——"

He swung round from the shadows to the dimly lighted sill; crossed it. For a moment they looked into one another's eyes; then, blinded, she swayed imperceptibly toward him, sighing as his arms tightened and her own crept up around his neck.

She yielded, resigning lips, and lids, and throat, and fragrant hair, and each slim finger in caress unending.

Conscious of nothing save that body and soul were safe in his beloved keeping, she turned to him in all the passion of a guiltless love, whispering her adoration, her faith, her trust, her worship of the man who held her; then, adrift once more, the breathless magic overwhelmed her, and she drew him to her, closer, desperately, hiding her head on his breast.

"Take me away, Garry," she stammered, "take me with you. There is no use—no use fighting it back. I shall die if you leave me. I—I will be—everything that—that you would have me—that you might wish for—in—in a—wife ——"

She was crying now, crying her heart out, her face crushed against his shoulder, clinging to him convulsively.

"Will you take me, Garry? What am I without you? I cannot give you up! I will not. . . . Nobody can ask that of me. How can they ask that of me?—to give you up—to let you go out of my little world forever—to turn from you, refuse you! . . . What a punishment for one instant's folly! If they knew they would not let me suffer this way!—they would want me to tell them ——"

His dry lips unclosed. "Then *tell* them!" he tried to say, but the words were without sound; and, in the crisis of temptation, at the very instant of yielding, suddenly he knew, somehow, that he would not yield.

It came to him calmly, without surprise or shock, this stupid certainty of himself. And at the same moment the crisis was passing, leaving him stunned, impassive, half senseless as the resurgent passion battered at his will power, to wreck and undo it—deafening, imperative, in vain.

The thing to do was to hold on. One of them was adrift; the other dared not let go; he seemed to realize it, somehow. Odd bits of phrases, old-fashioned sayings, maxims long obsolete came to him without reason or sequence—"Greater love hath no man—no man—no man ——" and "As ye do unto the least of these"—odd bits of phrases, old-fashioned sayings, maxims, alas! long obsolete, long buried with the wisdom of the dead.

He held her still locked in his arms. From time to time, unconsciously, as her hot grief spent itself, he bent his head, laying his face against hers, while his haggard, perplexed gaze wandered about the room.

In the dimness the snowy bed loomed beside them; pink roses patterned curtain and wall; the tiny night-light threw a roseate glow across her gown. In the fresh, sweet stillness of the room there was no sound or stir save their uneven breathing.

Very gently he lifted one of her hands and looked at it almost curiously—this small, white hand so innocently smooth—as unblemished as a child's—this unsullied little hand that for an instant seemed to be slowly relaxing its grasp on the white simplicity around her—here in this dim, fresh, fragrant world of hers, called, intimately, her room.

And here, where night and morning had so long held sacred all that he cared for upon earth—here in the white symbol of the world—her room—he gave himself again to her, without a word, without hope, knowing the end of all was near for them.

But it was she, not he, who must make the sign that ended all. And, after a long, long time, as she made no sign:

"Dearest," he breathed, "I know now that you will never go with me—for your father's sake."

That was premature, for she only clung the closer. He waited cautiously, every instinct alert, his head close to hers. And at last the hot fragrance of her tears announced the beginning of the end.

"Shiela?"

A stifled sound from his shoulder where her head lay buried.

"Choose now," he said.

No answer.

"Choose"

She cowered in his arms. He looked at the little hand once more, no longer limp but clenched against his breast. And he knew that the end was close at hand, and he spoke again, forcing her to her victory.

"Dearest, you must choose ——"

"Garry!"

"Between those others—and me ——"

She shrank out of his arms, turned with a sob, swayed, and sank on her knees beside the bed, burying her head in her crossed arms.

This was her answer; and with it he went away into the darkness, reeling, groping, while every pulse in him hammered ironic salutation to the victors who had loved too well to win. And in his whirling brain sounded the mocking repetition of his own words: "Nothing is lost through love! Nothing is lost—nothing—nothing!"—mocking, taunting him who had lost love itself there on the firing line for a comrade's sake.

His room was palely luminous with the lustre of the night. On the mantel squatted a little wizened and gilded god peering and leering at him through the shadows—Malcourt's parting gift—the ugliest of the nineteen.

"For," said Malcourt, "there ought to be only eighteen by rights—unless further complications arise; and this really belongs to you, anyway."

So he left the thing on Hamil's mantel, although the latter had no idea what Malcourt meant, or why he made the parting offering.

Now he stood there staring at it like a man whose senses waver, and who fixes some object to steady nerve and brain.

Far in the night the voice of the ocean stirred the silence—the ocean which had given her to Hamil that day in the golden age of fable when life and the world were young together, and love wore a laughing mask.

He listened; all the night was sighing with the sigh of the surf; and the breeze in the trees mourned; and the lustre died out in thickening darkness as he stood there, listening.

Then all around him through the hushed obscurity a vague murmur grew, accentless, sad, interminable; and through the monotone of the falling rain he heard the ocean very far away washing the body of a young world dead to him forever.

. . . . . .

Crouched low beside her bed, face quivering in her arms, she heard, in the stillness, the call of the sea—that enchanted sea which had given him to her that day, when Time and the World were young together in the blessed age of dreams.

And she heard the far complaint of the surf, breaking unsatisfied; and a strange wind flowing through the trees; then silence, suspense; and the world's dark void slowly filling with the dreadful monotone of the rain.

. . . . . .

Exhausted, half-senseless, her hands still clung together, her tear-swollen lips still moved to form his name, asking God's mercy on them both. But the end had come.

She raised her head, dumb, rigid, listening, and stared through the shaking window into obscurity. Lightning flickered along the rim of the world—a pallid threat above the sea—the sea which had given them to one another and left them stranded in each other's arms there on the crumbling edges of destruction.

Her strained eyes divined, her straining senses comprehended; she cringed lower, aghast, swaying under the menace, then fell prone, head buried in her tumbled hair.

. . . . . .

In the morning he left for the North and Portlaw's camp. Gray drove him to the station; Cecile, in distractingly pretty negligee, waved him audacious adieu from her window.

"Shiela seems to be ill," explained Gray, as the motor car shot out into the haze of early morning. "She asked me to say good-by for her. . . . I say, Hamil, you're looking rather ill yourself. This climate is sure to get a white man sooner or later if he remains too long. But the North will put you into condition. You're going straight to Portlaw's camp on Luckless Lake?"

"Yes," said Hamil listlessly.

"Well, we'll be in New York in a week or two. You'll surely look us up when you're in town, won't you? And write me a line about Acton and father—won't you?"

"Surely," nodded Hamil absently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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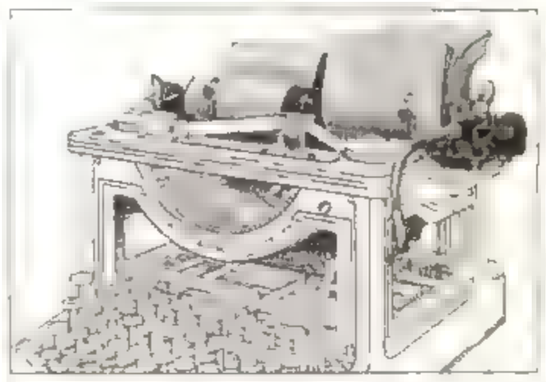

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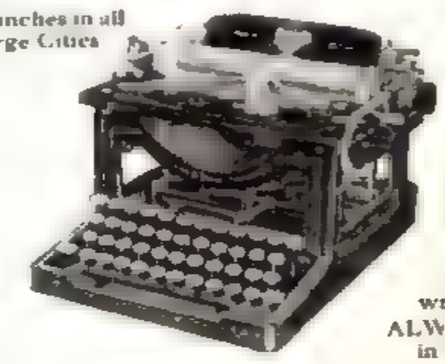

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THE VOICE OF AN OCEAN LINER

Continued from Page 11

"It makes the journey *real*, does it not?" he demanded.

"Frightfully!" cried the girl. His face lighted up.

"And is not that the reason," he asked, "why you have become absorbed, have forgotten your disappointment and have renewed your work at school with all your old accustomed vim?"

As the girl looked up she grew slowly crimson. She regained herself with a merry laugh.

"That may be so," she stoutly cried; "but work at school is not *all* there is in life! Catching trains isn't *all* the joy of living! Let me show you what I mean!" She struck the Continent square in the Alps. "Here we are at an ugly little station, waiting for one of those crawling, wheezing mountain trains. *Leave* the station, and tramp with me up this winding road! Here—far up in the valley—is a dot!" She made the dot with vigor. "That is an inn. We are to arrive in time for supper. Between lie piney woods, twittering birds, cool, delicious springs, soft, green, mossy banks, where you can lie and smoke your pipe, while I take in the scenery! And——"

"Good," interjected the man, with a chuckle. "That is good. The smoke," he added with half-shut eyes, "would come just after the drink at the spring." The girl looked slowly around.

"*Do you really smoke?*" she ventured. The Principal was smiling, his eyes still closed.

"Do I smoke?" he murmured fervently. She stared

"Well," she said severely, "you've smoked enough! Get up, please! If we're ever to reach that supper place we must be tramping on!"

The next time that he came, with firm resolution she started upon the same disorderly course; and as she tramped delightedly on and the Principal followed, stick in hand, from time to time at her command scrambling up a rocky bank to pick some quaint little mountain flower, now and again with startled eyes he would jerk out his ponderous silver watch, and would anxiously mutter:

"*When* was it that train left—*when* was it?"

And as she paid not the slightest heed, as evening by evening he was dragged triumphantly through Switzerland, Italy, Spain and France, in spite of himself his mind grew blurred, until to arrive at a station on time was a matter for profound surprise.

In the breathing spells between, when the little teacher leaned far back and described with smiling relish the awful mishaps that befell them and the queer human specimens they met, from time to time over the Principal's visage passed slight spasms of uneasiness, which deepened week by week into keen suspense.

One night the middle of May he came in, completely crushed, and sank dejectedly into a chair.

"What on earth," she demanded, "is the matter with you?" He heaved a dismal sigh.

"I'm going abroad," he said.

She sprang up, took one look, and burst into peal upon peal of low, unsteady laughter.

"Laugh," he went on bitterly. "You may well laugh. It is you and your outrageous talks and dreams that have drawn me in!" He drew a short, indignant breath. "For the first time in my life," he continued, "I have acted on an impulse, a wild, blinding impulse: I went this afternoon to a steamship office, *and paid my passage in full—over and back.*" He swallowed bravely. "There is no way out," he said. "I shall go. And the anticipations of long, bright years will doubtless all be shattered at a glance. Enjoy yourself, my dear young woman—laugh, go on laughing!"

This she proceeded to do. But, finally quieting down, and bending forward with twitching lips, in envious tones she marshaled forth the radiant old pictures. And hour by hour, with muttered words and anxious looks and faint, assenting smiles, the Principal came slowly back to life.

In the weeks that followed, his old eagerness returned with twofold intensity. More and more did the unfeeling monster become absorbed in his selfish delight. As the hungry girl grew silent he gladly talked for both. He had a bulky notebook now, and into it he gathered all her favorite haunts. With apparently not the slightest sense of the torture he inflicted, he begged her to repeat them all, and as she talked grudgingly on, he jotted every detail down with a fiendish smile.

"Now, how can I get the most out of this?" he would anxiously inquire. He borrowed her long-cherished hotel addresses, her newspaper clippings describing time-honored holiday customs, market scenes in Paris at dawn, little cafés of wide renown. Like a mammoth sponge, the man absorbed her dream.

Time and again she was on the point of abruptly asking him to leave. But as she watched this huge, belated human plant bloom into joyous life, the fascination deepened and held her like a spell.

The Principal grew young and fresh before her very eyes. His lean face had softened and taken on flesh; under his solemn glasses his gray eyes beamed with a scandalous light, and in his gruff, bass voice there lurked at times a humor so dry and so deeply confidential that in spite of herself she responded.

As he eagerly hurried over the route, a rejoicing bachelor free from all control, again the time-table puzzles were jerked triumphantly to view. But now he attacked them with such a spirit and dash, and unwound the knottiest tangle with an eye so bold, unerring and swift, that the staggered little woman thrilled and grew respectful, meek.

Between her rising waves of envy she noted with satisfaction that her teachings had not been in vain. Trains, terminals, junctions, changes of time, all were dispatched with quick, low grunts; and then he would turn to the human side with a zest that was astounding. He now delightedly summoned pictures of his own—weird, entrancing pictures. And as he spread them forth in slow, mock-solemn fashion, the Principal grew human, intimately human, as all good wizards are.

One cool, refreshing evening, when the man was careering gayly through Spain and the woman sat with a gloomy expression regarding the blank, monotonous wall, feeling him suddenly pause, and glancing up, she caught a look on his face that made her tingle with surprise.

"You are fond of music, I believe?" Without taking her eyes from his, she gave a puzzled nod.

"More than anything—but travel," she murmured.

"Good." He gathered himself for an effort. "I have a plan," he said, beaming upon her, "by which I hope to secure for myself the rarest of musical treats."

"For yourself," she repeated gravely. He was bending over the map.

"I am here," he went on, "in an ancient town of Southern Spain. It is nine o'clock, dinner is over, and I intend to leave on the midnight train. . . . Now!" His voice sank to impressive, mysterious tones. "I appeal to the hotel concierge, and as the fellow listens a pleased assent gleams from his Spanish eyes. Ten minutes later, together we turn down a narrow lane, and we knock at a door that is battered and cracked from the wear of untold centuries. The door creaks open. A tall, old man appears, simply garbed like a monk, with a rough, brown rope for a girdle. The concierge makes my appeal, the face in the doorway flashes approval, and down the shadowy, crooked street the tall, old Spaniard leads the way."

Bright in the Principal's eyes glittered that scandalous light. He continued slowly, weighing every word:

"We pause at a small but massive door. With a rattle of ponderous keys our guide swings it open, we squeeze through, and as it heavily closes behind we hear in the immense black void before us a long succession of echoes, which gradually die away. Following close on the old man's heels, for the darkness is impenetrable, we are seated at last on one of the stiff-carved seats where bishops and cardinals sat—in ages long gone by."

The little teacher held her breath.

"Up a spiral iron ladder over our heads the old creature disappears, and for what seems an endless time we hear his grating footsteps resounding as he climbs. In the mean time, straining my eyes, which have

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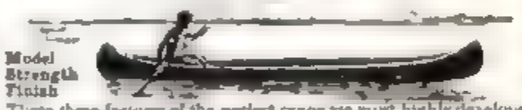

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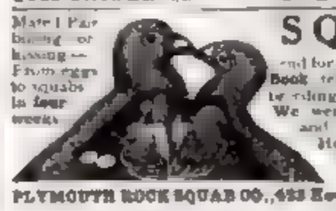

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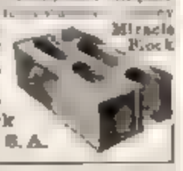

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grown somewhat used to the darkness, I make out, at an appalling distance above me, a trembling, luminous glow. It is the cathedral dome!"

Here the narrator stopped and mopped his warm, excited brow.

"Go on," the little teacher whispered. The Principal did, in a voice tense and shaking:

"All at once there comes a deep, sonorous crash!" He paused in utter dismay. "I forgot to inform you," he hurriedly whispered, "that this is one of the mightiest organs in all the civilized world! Confound my carelessness! . . . But listen! The music is thundering in peal upon peal, rich in a million harmonies, profoundly stirring, mysterious in the darkness! Your straining eyes are now dilated wide, you are breathing deep and fast, you feel the hot blood—pounding—in your veins! And your mind, imagination, soul—whatever you choose to call it—responds to the voice of the Master. You drift on, up and up—far away from the petty world—into the eternal places."

The Principal broke off.

"Then," he said, with a dry, embarrassed smile, as though ashamed of what he had shown, "the old organist plays and plays. He plays until eleven o'clock. He comes slowly and wearily down. We pay him what in our money amounts to a five-dollar bill. We hurry away. And we catch our midnight train." The little teacher started up.

"We do not!" she cried angrily. "We *miss* our midnight train!" Slowly she sank back again, limp and dazed.

"Did you imagine—all that—yourself?" she asked.

The Principal's glance was fixed on his shoes. He seemed hesitating. At last he drew from his pocket the tattered picture of the boy.

"In my youth," he said gravely, "in my shiftless vagabond days, I used to lie under haystacks—and dream things. The habit has to some extent come back."

"Oh," said the other weakly. There followed a long, blank silence. Little by little, envy, sharp and deep, reawakened in her eyes.

"If the plan will only prove feasible," the man murmured, "I shall secure for myself a rare musical treat. How does it appeal to you?" he asked abruptly.

"Me?" The eyes of the girl fairly crackled with impotent rage. "Why *should* it appeal to me?"

"Patience, my dear young woman, I am coming to that. By the way," he added, as though with a sudden glimmer of the truth, "patience is precisely what you appear to lack. To be quite frank, you seem now to have reached a stage of exasperation where you are ready to take almost *any step*—however foolhardy."

"However foolhardy!" she fiercely assented.

"That is unfortunate," he said, "for I was about to set forth a proposition involving such serious—h'm—details that you should have all your logical powers of thought in order to judge it fairly."

"Set it forth," she snapped. His big, homely face grew cautious.

"I am proceeding," he said, "as I did once before, on a mere supposition, quite a wild and fanciful one, in fact. I shall put it very briefly. You will judge for yourself. And if it does not make its appeal I shall promptly retire." The Principal leaned back and closed his eyes.

"At the end of the day when school closes," he began—"*When school closes,*" he fervently repeated, "I shall proceed to my room, remove my coat and vest, and pack. I shall do no packing whatever until that night; I shall be in a state of anxiety difficult to describe; I shall wildly hurry out to purchase things forgotten; I shall pack my effects, miserably fail to crowd them in, unearth them all with a furious speed and begin to pack again. I shall become fevered with worry, my head will throb, and I shall undoubtedly become profane. And through it all—if my supposition proves correct—I shall be—to use an old expression—walking upon air.

"On the next afternoon at three o'clock," he continued, his voice dropping lower and lower, "from the deck of an ocean liner I shall delightedly watch the crowds upon the dock below. Not one of the small human dramas of parting will escape my vigilant eyes. When the ship swings into the stream I shall doubtless wave to some one—to any one on the pier. And then as the deep, triumphant bellow is sounding above me, and the ship gets under way, and the rough salt air comes swifter, ever swifter, and from every side rise the voices of voyagers eager, excited and gay, then I shall go to my steamer chair, stretch out my gaunt, unlovely frame, and draw deep, hungry breaths—*off for Europe at last!*"

The Principal glared up.

"Young woman," he said fiercely, "there will be another chair beside me! Shall that chair be empty then or shall that chair be filled?"

Without one sign of warning, the girl threw back her head and laughed and laughed as though never by any chance could she reach an end to her mirth.

The Principal said not a word. Quietly and carefully he gathered up his maps, time-tables and pictures. His face was flushed. Without glancing at her he started for the door.

"Wait!"

Up sprang the little teacher, facing him with scarlet cheeks, shaking with laughter still. He turned slowly around.

"Do you want *me*—to be your wife?" she asked. He gave her a bewildered scowl.

"My dear young woman," he gasped, "I should not for one moment—consider the trip—on any other basis!"

"Then," cried the young woman, in unsteady tones, "the chair you speak of shall be filled!"

Absolutely speechless, his big jaws limp, his whole prodigious body tense and trembling, the Principal stared down. The little teacher's mind was spinning round and round. Desperately she tried to think of something—anything—to say.

"We ought to be married—before we start," she stammered.

"Precisely," the Principal almost shouted. "I had allowed the entire morning for that!"

High up in the cool, delicious French Alps, as a midsummer's day was slowly softening in the rich, warm afterglow from the departed sun, two happy trampers came round a bend in a narrow mountain road. At the picture that suddenly rose to view the girl gave an eager cry of delight, and the pair stood motionless, watching.

For two long weeks they had been tramping. From Martigny in two days they had gone up the Great Saint Bernard, spending the second night in the Hospice at the icy, desolate top of the pass, watching the Italian peasant travelers crowd in for supper and a bed; and at dawn, roused by the gong, they had risen in time to see the huge dogs burst from their den in the thick stone wall when the keeper lowered the bars. Down they had marched into a corner of Italy, and since then they had come slowly up and around into a corner of France, through beautiful little ravines, over bleak crests and along foaming gorges. And now, in the deepening twilight, they were approaching a small French village nestled in a wooded slope on the way to the Chamonix valley. For something over two hundred miles, in a devious circle, they had tramped around Mont Blanc.

From scores of nooks like this they had had faraway glimpses of the snowy old mountain. But now, apparently right over the edge of the ascending billowy meadow, it rose majestic and serene: with cold, mysterious stretches where, for mile upon mile, the fields of snow were darkening into night; and above, rich and warm with myriad rosy hues, towered the mighty crest up into the already twinkling heavens facing still the setting sun.

The Principal pricked up his ears. From a little wood of firs near by there came a faint, enticing murmur. A few moments later the pair were bending over a mossy spring, and the man was filling a small trampers' cup again and again, with a pleased, intent expression in his weary eyes. Satisfied at last, they crossed the road, climbed the low, stone wall, threw off their packs and settled luxuriously back into the fragrant depths of a stout stack of hay.

From the Principal's big curved pipe, in lazy circles and delicate wreaths, the incense softly drifted.

"Where, oh, where are the time-tables now?" murmured the little teacher.

For reply came a grunt of scorn.

"And all those places," she added provokingly, "all the sights we were to have seen."

"There are other summers," the Principal growled. And he drew on his pipe with a sigh of content and settled back in the hay.

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WHY MEN DESERT FROM OUR NAVY

(Concluded from Page 4)

he is allowed three dollars a month for postage-stamps and tobacco, and if he writes his letters on thin paper and uses tobacco which is made of the sweepings from the floor and comes a pound for a nickel, he can go a long way on three dollars.

It is worth while, for a moment, to go back a hundred years and consider what they did to deserters then. Our deserters to-day are made into more or less good citizens, finally. In those days they invariably became pirates. Nothing was left for them after having been served with this judgment, which I quote from an old excise-book (it was the style of punishment in vogue in the British Navy in 1789):

> If convicted of desertion he shall be branded on the shoulder and on the hip [before the Revolutionary War this was on the forehead] with a D at least two inches in height; he shall be shaved over half his head, over half his eyebrows and half his beard; he shall be towed ashore backward in a dingy with a gallows erected over him, and the noose hanging within six inches of his neck; he shall then be stripped of his clothing and shall be given two hundred stripes on his bare back; finally, he shall be turned adrift

In what I have submitted above I have merely dramatized a typical deserter's story, one that I happened to come in more or less personal contact with. For nearly five months now I have been studying this question of desertion, and it has been a hard one to understand. The cause is *not* inadequate pay—I feel quite sure of that. While the amount of physical labor at first looks large, it is doubtless not so when you consider that health and happiness at sea demand constant activity. But there are causes which are patent, and among them permit me to amplify the following:

1. The life itself. The conditions of life at sea are abnormal. You have no chance for a home, you have no natural diversions, you are practically in a prison. And yet men have followed the sea from the beginning of time, and will doubtless follow it many centuries to come. They find substitutes. There is never-ceasing travel, and there is that swell and reach and rage, that bland smile and angry stroke of the ever-constant sea, and then that pent-up force of seclusion that dwells ever in a rifle-ball, waiting for some one to loose the powder which lies behind; all of this gratifies a curious nature and overcomes the monotony of a circumscribed existence which is so irksome to the restless; also, it breeds deserters.

2. Food. The food of the enlisted man of the American Navy is the best in the world. It is so good that I have frequently seen wardroom officers go to the crew's mess and abstract therefrom certain well-cooked dishes which happened to appeal more to their tastes than those being served by their own steward. Not that this meant any difficulty, for it was done on ships where there never was question of the food in either mess. The trouble lies on those ships where no wardroom officer ever pays any attention to a crew's mess, far less ever wants to eat therefrom. The entire enlisted force has a stated allowance, thirty cents per day per man, for subsistence, and out of this, buying in such enormous lots, they ought to get very excellent fare. Unfortunately, the commissary stewards who do the selection and who supervise the preparation are as various as the types of battleships they serve on—nay, more various; they are as various as the officers who man those ships. If the food on one ship is better than that on another in the same squadron or the same fleet, discontent is sure to arise, and if on any ship the food is unsatisfactory, the cooking poor or the bill-of-fare monotonous, there is immediately a form of discontent that not infrequently mounts to desertion.

3. Restriction. There are two forms, of "liberty" and of money. Men cannot go ashore unless they have "liberty," and "liberty" is seldom granted for more than twenty-four hours, and it is not customary to give one man more than one "liberty" at each port, when the stay is short, so that a very thorough understanding of the world is not going to be gained by a sailorman who goes around it, stopping, in the course of a year, at five ports. He would then have had five days of "liberty," five days of that thing for which he enlisted, the joy of foreign climes and scenes. Knowing well how precious is this "liberty" the executive officer always reserves as his choicest punishment the curtailment thereof. But the sailorman has a remedy for too much punishment of that nature, and he uses it—desertion.

In the restriction of money lies another sore spot, both with the powers above and with those below. A captain, who is supreme on his ship, who, in emergency, holds the power of life and death, may not cut a man's pay in any way, but he may *withhold* it. This condition, which could not exist in any factory in the United States, works out in the man, if intensified by the reigning authority, a flagrant sense of injustice. Hold a man's pay long enough, even if you give him all the liberty he can use, and he will desert.

If you consider those three conditions leading to desertion—food, the abnormality of the life and the restrictions—you will see it resolves itself into a question of the individual ship, of the individual officers on that ship, and of the man himself, both before and after he enlists.

There are contributory causes. I have named above the three that are acute. One of the lesser causes, which seldom precipitates a desertion, but which frequently prevents a reënlistment, is the effectual bar to ambition. Military service in our republic, both on land and sea, is a relic of monarchical forms, and the final death throes of that reconciliation of republic with monarchy is occurring in the Navy. While quite legal, it is next to impossible for an enlisted man to rise from the ranks to high command, especially in the Navy. There are a few rare instances of commissions granted to men who did not come through the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but the history of the men who bore them is not interesting reading. The step from a warrant officer to a wardroom officer is the same that it is from the yeomanry of England to the peerage. There were yeomen who became peers, but they are very dim in the pages of history. That goes in England, but not here.

Too large a part of the enlisted men is picked up on the streets of the cities and is tough. Another part finds in the Navy a sort of boarding-school for youngsters whose parents cannot afford to send them up the Hudson, or down into Virginia, or out into mid-Ohio. Very few survive from the days of heave and tackle. Our man-o'-war's men are not drawn from our seafaring population, and they are almost without exception native born. They may be loyal, they must be clean, and they cannot be else than efficient, but only an infatuated midshipman on his first cruise, or a reminiscent admiral in his dotage, could call some of them intelligent.

"If I had a square-headed wrench I'd turn his head around so's he could think straight," I heard a bos'n's mate say of a rooky one day—"rooky" being his quick way of pronouncing "recruit." If officers do contend that they have a very spry and clever crew grant them the benefit of the doubt, but, if you catch that crew in the middle of a cruise, when *ennui* is on them, and assay them, you might find a trace of gray matter (they are Americans, all), but no more. Find them ashore the first day, with a month's pay in their pocket, and you would dispense with the assay

After all, it resolves itself into the old anxious problem: Whose master am I? And the question is directed very specifically at the breasts of a large number of charming gentlemen who bear naval commissions in the service of the United States. On their handling of their men depends the increase or the decrease of desertions. There is the well-meaning officer, who "leads" them. Out amid the guns they laugh at him. Then there is the old sea-dog, who "drives" them while they are in sight, and, out of sight, to desertion.

Between these two, blended, forming the greater, more efficient, more illustrious Navy of the Greater United States, is the new and true naval officer—his own nature thoroughly in control, keenly alive to the value of discipline, with "CLEANLINESS" painted over his door as a watchword, and with a sympathetic knowledge of the varied and intimate needs of his men ever in his mind.

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BOBBY'S ILLUMINATION

Continued from Page 7

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir," said Applerod, but Johnson silently produced from an index case a plain, gray envelope, which he handed to Bobby

It was inscribed:

TO MY SON UPON HIS PUTTING GOOD MONEY INTO ANY PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION

and it read:

> When the manipulators of public service corporations tire of skinning the dear public in bulk, they skin individual specimens just to keep in practice. If you have been fool enough to get into the crowd that invokes the aid of dirty politics to help it hang people on street-car straps, just write them out a check for whatever money you have left, and tell your trustee you are broke again; because you are not and never can be of their stripe, and if you are not of their stripe they will pick your bones. Turn a canary loose in a colony of street sparrows and watch what happens to it.

Bobby folded up the letter grimly and went into his private room, where he thought long and soberly. That evening he went out to Sharpe's to dinner. As he was about to ring the bell, he stopped, confronted by a most unusual spectacle. Through the long plate-glass of the door he could see clearly back through the hall into the library, and there stood Mrs. Sharpe and William Garland in a tableau "that would have given Plato the pip," as Biff Bates might have expressed it had he known about Plato. At that moment Sharpe came silently down the stairs and turned, unobserved, toward the library. Seeing that his wife and Garland were so pleasantly engaged, he very considerately turned into the drawing-room instead, *and as he entered the drawing-room he lit a cigarette!* Bobby, vowing angrily that there could never be room in the Brightlight for both Sharpe and himself, did not ring the bell. Instead, he dropped in at the first public telephone and 'phoned his regrets.

"By the way," he added, "how soon will you need me again?"

"Not before a week, at least," Sharpe replied.

"Very well, then," said Bobby; "I'll be back a week from to-day."

Immediately upon his arrival downtown he telegraphed the joyous news to Jack Starlett, in Washington, to prepare for his coming.

V

CHALMERS, during Bobby's absence, secured all the secret information that he could concerning the Brightlight Electric, but nothing to its detriment transpired in that investigation, and when he returned Bobby, very sensibly as he thought, completed his investment. He paid his two hundred and fifty thousand dollars into the coffers of the company, and, at the first stockholders' meeting, voting this stock and the ten shares he had bought from Sharpe at a hundred and seventy-two, he elected his own board of directors, consisting of Chalmers, Johnson, Applerod, Biff Bates and himself, giving one share of stock to each of the former gentlemen so that they would be eligible. The remaining two members whom he allowed to be elected were Sharpe and J. W. Williams, and the board of directors promptly elected Bobby president and treasurer, Johnson secretary and Chalmers vice-president—a result which gave Bobby great satisfaction. Once he had been frozen out of a stock company; this time he had absolute control, and he found great pleasure in exercising it, though against Chalmers' protest. With swelling triumph he voted to himself, through his "dummy" directors, the salary of the former president—twelve thousand dollars a year—though he wondered a trifle that President Eastman submitted to his retirement with such equanimity, and after he walked away from that meeting he considered his business career as accomplished. He was settled for life if he wished to remain in the business, the salary added to the dividends on two hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of stock bringing his own individual income up to a quite respectable figure. If there were no further revenue to be derived from the estate of John Burnit, he felt that he had a very fair prospect in life, indeed, and could, no doubt, make his way very nicely

He had been unfortunate enough to find Agnes Elliston "not at home" upon the two occasions when he had called since their disagreement upon the subject of the Sharpes, but now he called her up by telephone precisely as if nothing had happened, and explained to her how good his prospects were; good enough, in fact, he added, that he could look matrimony very squarely in the eye.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Agnes sweetly. "I presume I'll read presently about the divorce that precedes your marriage," and she hung up the receiver; all of which, had Bobby but paused to reflect upon it, was a very fair indication that all he had to do was to jump in his automobile and call on Aunt Constance Elliston, force his way upon the attention of Agnes and browbeat that young lady into an immediate marriage. He chose, on the contrary, to take the matter more gloomily, and Johnson, after worrying about him for three dismal days, consulted Biff Bates. But Biff, when the problem was propounded to him, only laughed.

"His skirt has lemoned him," declared Biff. "Any time a guy's making plenty of money and got good health and ain't married, and goes around with an all-day grouch, you can play it for a one to a hundred favorite that his entry's been scratched in the solitaire diamond stakes."

"Uh-huh," responded the taciturn Johnson, and stalked back with grim purpose to the Electric Company's office, of which Bobby and Johnson and Applerod had taken immediate possession.

The next morning Johnson handed to Bobby one of the familiar gray envelopes, inscribed:

TO MY SON UPON THE OCCASION OF HIS HAVING A MISUNDERSTANDING WITH AGNES ELLISTON

He submitted the envelope with many qualms and misgivings, though without apology, but one glance at Bobby's face as that young gentleman read the inscription relieved him of all responsibility in the matter, for if ever a face showed guilt, that face was the face of Bobby Burnit. In the privacy of the president's office Bobby read the briefest note of the many that his forethoughted father had left behind him in Johnson's charge:

YOU'RE A BLITHERING IDIOT!

That was all. Somehow, that brief note seemed to lighten the gloom, to lift the weight, to remove some sort of a barrier, and he actually laughed. Immediately he called up the Ellistons. He received the information from the housekeeper that Agnes and Aunt Constance had gone to New York on an extended shopping trip, and thereby he lost his greatest and only opportunity to prove that he had at last been successful in business. That day, transfers of all the stock which Frank L. Sharpe had held began to come in for transfer, in small lots of from ten to twenty shares, and inside a week not a certificate stood in Sharpe's name. All the stock held by Williams came in for transfer. Bobby went immediately to see Sharpe, and, very much concerned, inquired into the meaning of this. Mr. Sharpe was as pleasant as Christmas morning.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Burnit," said he, "there were several very good reasons. In the first place, I needed the money; in the second place, you were insistent upon control and abused it; in the third place, since the increased capitalization and change of management the quotations on Brightlight Electric dropped from one-seventy-two to one-sixty-five, and I got out before it could drop any lower. You will give me credit for selling the stock privately and in small lots where it could not break the price. However, Mr. Burnit, I don't see where the sale of my stock affects you in any way. You have the Brightlight Electric now in good condition, and all it needs to remain a good investment is proper management."

"I'm afraid it needs more than that," retorted Bobby. "I'm afraid it needs to be in a position to make more money for other people than for myself," through

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which remark it may be seen that, though perhaps a trifle slow, Bobby was learning.

Another lesson awaited him. On the following morning every paper in the city blazed with the disquieting information that the Consumers' Electric Light and Power Company and the United Illuminating and Fuel Company were to be consolidated! Out of the two old concerns a fifty-million-dollar corporation was to be formed, and a certain portion of the stock was to be sold in small lots, as low, even, as one share each, so that the public should be given a chance to participate in this unparalleled investment. Oh, it was to be a tremendous boon to the city!

Bobby, much worried, went straight to Chalmers.

"So far as I can see you have all the best of the bargain," Chalmers reassured him. "The Consumers', already four times watered and quoted at about seventy, is to be increased from two to five million before the consolidation, so that it can be taken in at ten million. The Union, already watered from one to nine million in its few brief years, takes on another hydraulic million and will be bought for twenty million. Of the thirty million dollars which is to be paid for the old corporations, nineteen million represents new water, the most of which will be distributed among Stone and his henchmen. The other twenty million will go to the dear public, who will probably be given one share of common as a bonus with each share of preferred, and pay ten million sweaty dollars for it. Do you think this new company expects to pay dividends? On their plants, worth at a high valuation, five million dollars, and their new capital of ten million, a profit must be earned for fifty million dollars' worth of stock, and it cannot be done. Within a year I expect to see Consolidated Illuminating and Power Company stock quoted at around thirty. By that time, however, Stone and his crowd will have sold theirs, and will have cleaned up millions. Brightlight Electric was probably too small a factor to be considered in the consolidation. Did you pay off that mortgage? Then Stone has his hundred thousand dollars; the back salary list of Stone's henchmen has been paid up with your money; Sharpe and Williams have converted their stock and Stone's into cash at a fancy figure; Eastman is to be taken care of in the new company and they are satisfied. In my estimation you are well rid of the entire crowd, unless they have some neat little plan for squeezing you. But I'll tell you what I would do. I would go direct to Stone, and see what he says."

Bobby smiled ironically at himself as he climbed the dingy stairs up which it was said that every man of affairs in the city must sooner or later toil to bend the knee, but he was astonished when he walked into the office of Stone to find it a narrow, bare little room, with the door wide open to the hall. There was an old, empty desk in it—for Stone never kept nor wrote letters—and four common kitchen chairs for waiting callers. At the desk near the one window sat Stone, and over him bent a shabby-looking man, whispering. Stone, grunting occasionally, looked out of the window while he listened, and when the man was through gave him a ten-dollar bill.

"It's all right," Stone said gruffly. "I'll be in court myself at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and you may tell Billy that I'll get him out of it."

Another man, a flashily-dressed fellow, was ahead of Bobby, and he, too, now leaned over Stone and whispered.

"Nothing doing," rumbled Stone.

The man, from his gestures, protested earnestly.

"Nix!" declared Stone loudly. "You threw me two years ago this fall, and you can't come back till you're on your uppers good and proper. I don't want to see you nor hear of you for another year, and you needn't send any one to me to fix it, because it can't be fixed. Now beat it. I'm busy!"

The man, much crestfallen, "beat it." Bobby was thankful that there was no one else waiting when it was his turn to approach the Mogul. Stone shook hands cordially enough.

"Mr. Stone," inquired Bobby, "how does it come that the Brightlight Electric Company was not offered a chance to come into this new consolidation?"

"How should I know?" asked Stone in reply.

"It is popularly supposed," suggested Bobby, smiling, "that you know a great deal about it."

Mr. Stone ignored that supposition completely.

"Mr. Burnit, how much political influence do you think you could swing?"

"Frankly, I never thought of it," said Bobby, surprised.

"You belong to the Idlers' Club, you belong to the Traders' Club, to the Fish and Game, the Brassie, the Gourmet, and to the Thespian Clubs. You are a member of the board of governors in three of these clubs, and are very popular in all of them. A man like you, if he would get wise, could swing a strong following."

"Possibly," admitted Bobby dryly; "although I wouldn't enjoy it."

"One-third of the members of the Traders' Club do not vote, half of the members of the Fish and Game and the Brassie do not vote, none of the members of the other clubs vote at all," went on Mr. Stone. "They ain't good citizens. If you're the man that can stir them up the right way you'd find it worth while."

"But just now," evaded Bobby, "whom did you say I should see about this consolidation?"

"Sharpe," snapped Stone. "Good-day, Mr. Burnit." And Bobby walked away rather belittled in his own estimation.

He had been offered an excellent chance to become one of Stone's political lieutenants, had been given an opportunity to step up to the pie counter, to enjoy the very material benefits of the Stone style of municipal government; and in exchange for this he had only to sell his fellows. He knew now that his visit to Sharpe would be fruitless, that before he could arrive at Sharpe's office that puppet would have had a telephone message from Stone; yet, his curiosity aroused, he saw the thing through. Mr. Sharpe, upon this visit, met Bobby as coldly as the January morning when the Christmas bills come in.

"We don't really care for the Brightlight Electric in the combination at all," said Mr. Sharpe, "but if you wish to come in at a valuation of five hundred thousand I guess we can find a place for you."

"Let me understand," said Bobby. "By a valuation of five hundred thousand dollars you mean that the Brightlight stockholders can exchange each share of their stock for one share in the Consolidated?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Sharpe without a smile.

"You're joking," objected Bobby. "My stock in the Brightlight is worth to-day one hundred and fifty dollars a share. My two hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Consolidated would not be worth par, even, to-day. Why do you make this discrimination when you are giving the stockholders of the Consumers' an exchange of five shares for one, and the stockholders of the United an exchange of twenty shares for nine?"

"We need both those companies," said Sharpe, "and we don't need the Brightlight."

"Is that figure the best you will do?"

"Under the circumstances, yes."

"Very well then," said Bobby; "good-day."

"By the way, Mr. Burnit," Sharpe said to him with a return of the charming smile which had been conspicuously absent on this occasion, "we needn't consider the talk entirely closed as yet. It might be possible that we would be able, between now and the first of the next month, when the consolidation is to be completed, to make you a much more liberal offer to come in with us; to be one of us, in fact."

Bobby sat down again.

"How soon may I see you about it?" he asked.

"I'll let you know when things are shaped up right. By the way, Mr. Burnit, you are a very young man yet, and just starting upon your career. Really, you ought to look about you a bit and study what advantages you have in the way of personal influence and following."

"I have never counted that I had a 'following.'"

"I understand that you have a very strong one," insisted Sharpe. "What you ought to do is to go see Mr. Stone."

"I have been to see him," replied Bobby with a smile.

"So I understand," said Sharpe dryly. "By the way, next Tuesday I am to be voted upon in the Idlers'. You are on the board of governors up there, I believe?"

"Yes," said Bobby steadily.

Sharpe studied him for a moment.

"Well, come around and see me about this consolidation on Wednesday," he

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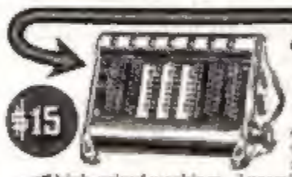

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suggested, "and in the mean time have another talk with Stone. By all means, go and see Stone."

"Johnson," said Bobby, "what would you do if a man should ask you to sell him your personal influence, your self-respect and your immortal soul?"

"I'd ask his price," interposed Applerod with a grin.

"You'd never get an offer," snapped Johnson to Applerod, "for you haven't any to sell. Why do you ask, Mr. Burnit?"

Bobby regarded him thoughtfully for a moment.

"I know how to make the Brightlight Electric Company yield me two hundred per cent. dividends within a year or less," he stated.

"Through Stone?" inquired Johnson.

"Through Stone," admitted Bobby, smiling at Johnson's penetration.

"I thought so. I guess your father has summed up, better than I could put it, all there is to be said upon that subject." And from his index file he produced one of the familiar gray envelopes, inscribed:

TO MY SON ROBERT UPON THE SUBJECT OF BRIBERY

When a man sells his independence and the faith of his friends he is bankrupt. Both the taker and the giver of a bribe, even when it is called "preferment," are like dogs with fleas; they yelp in their sleep; only the man gets callous after a while and the dog doesn't. Whoever the fellow is that's trying to buy your self-respect, go soak him in the eye, and pay your fine.

"For once I agree most heartily with the governor," said Bobby, and as a result he did not go to see Stone. Moreover, Frank L. Sharpe was blackballed at the Idlers' Club with cheerful unanimity, and Bobby figuratively squared his shoulders to receive the blow that he was convinced must certainly fall.

Editor's Note—This is the third of the Bobby Burnit Stories. It will be concluded next week; and the fourth story in the series will appear in an early number.

The Lost Vedder

BOOTH TARKINGTON declares that he is only living abroad in order to save money enough to afford to live in Indiana, his ambition being to own a country home not far from Indianapolis.

For some time he had a villa at Capri, Italy, near that of the famous artist, Elihu Vedder. Tarkington and Vedder are fast friends, and about three years ago the great painter had an experience which the gentleman from Indiana declares is the most curious which ever came under his observation.

Vedder says that he longs to return to the United States, but cannot afford it, as he would be obliged to have an expensive studio in the heart of New York and a home about forty-five minutes from Broadway. Now he leads a quiet life, and paints about one single picture a year, which he sends to the Salon for exhibition, and then lives for another year on the proceeds.

Three years ago he chose for his subject the Goddess of Chance, and painted her perched upon a conventionalized wheel of fortune. When the day came to ship the painting, which had cost him months of labor, he found but the empty frame, and the picture was stolen. Tarkington was there, and he sympathized deeply with the artist. A search was instituted in vain.

A short time passed, and one day, as Tarkington was strolling around the country near by, he noticed some peasant women washing clothes in the pool formed by the flow from one of the big water conduits, just finished and put into operation. Their strange actions interested him, so he went over to the group. The women were kneeling about an object on the ground and making the signs of the Cross. He questioned them, and one answered:

"Signor, we are favored of God. A miracle has happened! When we came here to do our washing there was a great movement of the waters and upon the surface came this figure of the blessed Virgin."

"Ave Maria!" murmured the group.

Tarkington looked over the shoulders of the women, and sure enough, there was the face—not of the Virgin, however, but of the Goddess of Chance—the missing picture! The painting, protected by the oils, was returned to the delighted artist.

WINCHESTER

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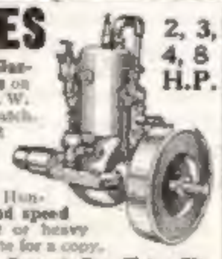

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